HIGH TIDE

SONGS OF JOY AND VISION FROM PRESENT-DAY POETS

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SONGS OF JOY AND VISION FROM PRESENT-DAY POETS

Edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards

Nearly 200 poems by the foremost poets of to-day. Selected chiefly because they strike the vital spark of inspiration and enthusiasm, they are marked equally by sound literary value and, taken together, make an unusually satisfying and representative volume.

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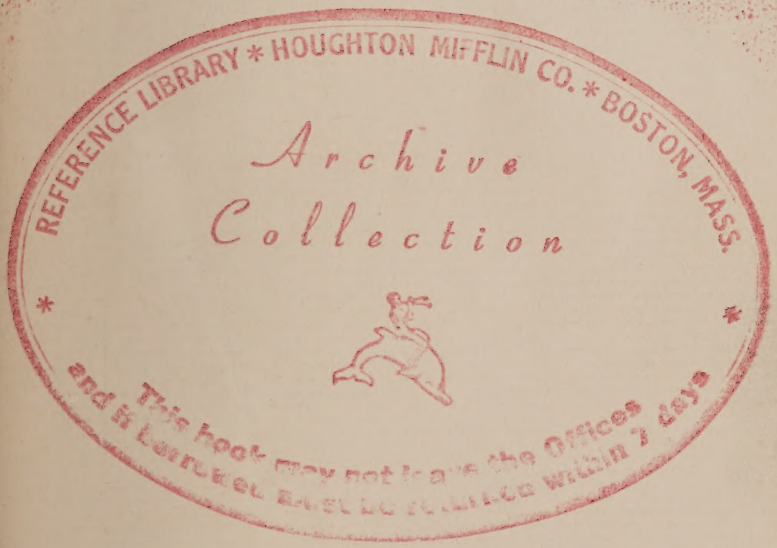
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HIGH TIDE

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SONGS OF JOY AND VISION FROM THE PRESENT-DAY POETS OF AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN

SELECTED
AND ARRANGED BY
MRS. WALDO RICHARDS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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TO
MY DEAR FRIEND
EMILY V. HAMMOND

FOREWORD

This little book is an outcome of my affectionate study of the last two years of our Poets of To-day.

It has for its underlying purpose the placing before the poetry-lover and the would-be lover of poetry certain poems that make special appeal with their emphasis of inspiration, joy, and vision, so necessary to our everyday living.

I feel that if we would all make an everyday habit of turning to poetry which so runs the gamut of all human experience, it would make for the betterment and enlivening of the daily tasks and help us to formulate and maintain a creed of joyful living, from which to radiate useful work. The simple lyric quality of poetry in itself gratifies and inspires, and, when yoked with lovely thoughts, often strikes the vital spark which kindles enthusiasm and deepens inspiration to the point of action and achievement.

In true poetry there are worlds and worlds of beauty to enter and explore, and often the adventurer into these worlds of wonder and charm seeks a guiding hand, the touch of one who has adventured and explored and made discoveries too precious to be kept to one's self, and whose mission can be truly fulfilled only by sharing them with others. It has been inferred that poetry to-day is "mainly the plaintive voice of an ineffective pessimism." It is to be hoped that the contents of this volume will prove the contrary. One regret is left, that the book must have an end, for there are many poets and poems that I have been obliged to omit.

Gertrude Moore Richards

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To get at the eternal strength of things
And fearlessly to make strong songs of it,
Is, to my mind, the mission of that man
The world would call a poet. He may sing
But roughly, and withal ungraciously;
But if he touch to life the one right chord
Wherein God's music slumbers, and awake
To truth one drowsed ambition, he sings well.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

HIGH TIDE

MORNING SERENADE

[AUBADE]

AWAKE! the dawn is on the hills!
  Behold, at her cool throat a rose,
  Blue-eyed and beautiful she goes,
Leaving her steps in daffodils. —
Awake! arise! and let me see
  Thine eyes, whose deeps epitomize
All dawns that were or are to be,
  O love, all Heaven in thine eyes! —
Awake! arise! come down to me!

Behold! the dawn is up: behold!
  How all the birds around her float,
  Wild rills of music, note on note,
Spilling the air with mellow gold. —
Arise! awake! and, drawing near,
  Let me but hear thee and rejoice!
Thou, who keep'st captive, sweet and clear,
  All song, O love, within thy voice!
Arise! awake! and let me hear!

See, where she comes, with limbs of day,
The dawn! with wild-rose hands and feet,
Within whose veins the sunbeams beat,
And laughters meet of wind and ray.
Arise! come down! and, heart to heart,
Love, let me clasp in thee all these —
The sunbeam, of which thou art part,
And all the rapture of the breeze! —
Arise! come down! loved that thou art!

MADISON CAWEIN

TO A BIRD AT DAWN

O BIRD that somewhere yonder sings,
In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn,
Lone in the hush of sleeping things,
In some sky sanctuary withdrawn;
Your perfect song is too like pain,
And will not let me sleep again.

I think you must be more than bird,
A little creature of soft wings,
Not yours this deep and thrilling word —
Some morning planet 't is that sings;
Surely from no small feathered throat
Wells that august, eternal note.

As some old language of the dead,
  In one resounding syllable,
Says Rome and Greece and all is said —
  A simple word a child may spell;
So in your liquid note impearled
Sings the long epic of the world.

Unfathomed sweetness of your song,
  With ancient anguish at its core,
What womb of elemental wrong,
  With shudder unimagined, bore
Peace so divine — what hell hath trod
This voice that softly talks with God!

All silence in one silver flower
  Of speech that speaks not, save as speaks
The moon in heaven, yet hath power
  To tell the soul the thing it seeks,
And pack, as by some wizard's art,
The whole within the finite part.

To you, sweet bird, one well might feign —
  With such authority you sing
So clear, yet so profound, a strain
  Into the simple ear of spring —
Some secret understanding given
Of the hid purposes of Heaven.

And all my life until this day,
  And all my life until I die,
All joy and sorrow of the way,
  Seem calling yonder in the sky;
And there is something the song saith
That makes me unafraid of death.

Now the slow light fills the trees,
  The world, before so still and strange,
With day's familiar presences,
  Back to its common self must change,
And little gossip shapes of song
The porches of the morning throng.

Not yours with such as these to vie
  That of the day's small business sing,
Voice of man's heart and of God's sky —
  But O you make so deep a thing
Of joy, I dare not think of pain
Until I hear you sing again.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

UNITY

I

Heart of my heart, the world is young;
Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung
Once, we thought, must come to a close:
Now we know the spirit of song,
Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
Hand in hand as we wander along,
What should we doubt of the years that roll?

II

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
Tells us nothing can cease to be:
One, we are one with the song to-day,
One with the clover that scents the wold,
One with the Unknown, far away,
One with the stars, when earth grows old.

III

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind,
One as the waves are at one with the sea!

Ay! When life seems scattered apart,
Darkens, ends as a tale that is told,
One, we are one, O heart of my heart,
One, still one, while the world grows old.

ALFRED NOYES

THE YEAR'S AWAKENING

How do you know that the pilgrim track
Along the belting zodiac
Swept by the sun in his seeming rounds
Is traced by now to the Fishes' bounds
And into the Ram, when weeks of cloud
Have wrapt the sky in a clammy shroud,
And never as yet a tinct of spring
Has shown in the Earth's apparelling;
O vespering bird, how do you know,
How do you know?

How do you know, deep underground,
Hid in your bed from sight and sound,
Without a turn in temperature,
With weather life can scarce endure,
That light has won a fraction's strength,
And day put on some moments' length,

Whereof in merest rote will come,
Weeks hence, mild airs that do not numb;
O crocus root, how do you know,
How do you know?

THOMAS HARDY

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

JEST rain and snow! and rain again!
And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then —
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard
To wake up — when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
The first bluebird of spring! —
Mother she'd raised the winder some —
And in acrost the orchard come,
Soft as an angel's wing,
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent —
The sun burst forth in glee,
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
Hopped out o' bed with me!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE DÉBUTANTE

To-day dawned not upon the earth as other days have done:
A throng of little virgin clouds stood waiting for the sun,
Till the herald-winds aligned them, and they blushed, and stood aside,
As the marshals of the morning flung the eastern portals wide.
So Nature lit her playhouse for the play that May begins,
And the twigs of honeysuckle sawed like little violins:
In the dawn there dwelt a whisper of a presence that was new,
For the slender Spring was at the wing, and waiting for her cue!

As yet I could not see her, and the stage was wide and bare;
As yet the Winter's chorus echoed faintly on the air
With a dying wail of tempest, and of dry and tortured trees,
But a promise of new music lent enchantment to the breeze.
In the scene's secluded corners lay the snowdrifts, still secure;
But the murmur of their melting sang another overture
Than the brooks of brown November, and I listened, and I knew
That blue-eyed Spring was at the wing, and waiting for her cue!

The world was all attention, and the hemlocks stood, a-row,
Ushers, never changing costume through the Season's wonder-show,
While the day, below the hillside, tried her colors, one by one,
On the clouds experimenting, till the coming of the sun.

In the vines about my window, where the sparrows all convene,
They were practicing the chorus that should usher in the Queen,
And the sod-imprisoned flowers craved the word to shoulder through:
Green-girdled Spring was at the wing, and waiting for her cue!

She shall enter to the clarion of the crystal-ringing brooks,
She shall tread on frail arbutus in the moist and mossy nooks;
She shall touch the bleak drop-curtain of the Winter with her wand
Till it lifts, and shows the wonder of the apple blooms beyond!
Yet with all her golden sunlight, and her twilights of perfume,
Yet with all the mystic splendor of her nights of starlit gloom,
She shall bring no sweeter moment than this one in which I knew
That laughing Spring was at the wing, and waiting for her cue!

GUY WETMORE CARRYL

WINTER IN THE MARSH

I STRODE through the depths of the marsh in the stark wintertide of the year;
The pools were as glass, and the grass was umber and shrivelled and sere;
And the trees waved their skeleton arms in the whirl and the swirl of the flaw,
While around was never a sound save the crow with its ominous "caw";

The land seemed the land of the lost, of despair, desolation and dole,
And its gloom, like an evil at night, crept into the room of my soul.

Then a word, like a bird in the dusk, when the shadows have mantled the hill,
Made a song — just a word — but I felt the dead heart in me tremble and thrill,
Thrill to life, and my fibres and thews were as those of one ready to leap,
For I knew, on a sudden, the dolor was but as the blessing of sleep,
The slumber of sod and of rush and of fern and of leaf on the tree,
And they waited but only the word to burst from their bonds and be free.

And the word, it shall come on a day when the wind shall blow up from the south,
With the winnow of shimmering wings, and a slim pipe of gold at its mouth;
It may be at droop of the dusk, or it may be at lift of the sun,
But all of earth's tendrils shall quicken, and all of earth's waters shall run.
God moulded the word, and He spake it to be a transfiguring thing,
A joy in man's ears, and a symbol eternal, the magical "Spring"!

CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHY NOT?

Poet, sing me a song to-day!
But the world grows old and my hair is gray.

Ah, no! there are birds on the lilac bushes
And a snow-drop out of the wet earth pushes.
Two chattering robins are planning a marriage,
And see! there's a baby all pink in its carriage!
And the sun is wiping the clouds from his brow,
And who can look back when it's always now?
Oh, what is the use of a poet, say,
If he will not sing me a song to-day?

Harriet Monroe

DAFFODILS

Fathered by March, the daffodils are here.
First, all the air grew keen with yesterday,
And once a thrush from out some hollow gray
On a field's edge, where whitening stalks made cheer,
Fluted the last unto the budding year;
Now, that the wind lets loose from orchard spray
Plum bloom and peach bloom down the dripping way,
Their punctual gold through the wet blades they rear.

Oh, fleet and sweet! A light to all that pass
Below, in the cramped yard, close to the street,
Long-stemmed one flames behind the palings bare,
The whole of April in a tuft of grass.
Scarce here, soon will it be — oh, sweet and fleet! —
Gone like a snatch of song upon the stair.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

IN A TIME OF FLOWERS

O LOVE! do you know the Spring is here
With the lure of her magic flute? . . .
The old earth breaks into passionate bloom
At the kiss of her fleet, gay foot.
The burgeoning leaves on the almond boughs,
And the leaves on the blue wave's breast
Are crowned with the limpid and delicate light
Of the gems in your turban-crest.
The bright pomegranate buds unfold,
The frail wild lilies appear,
Like the blood-red jewels you used to fling
O'er the maidens that danced at the feast of spring
To welcome the new-born year.

O Love! do you know the Spring is here? . . .
The dawn and the dusk grow rife

With scent and song and tremulous mirth,
The blind, rich travail of life.
The winds are drunk with the odorous breath
Of *henna, sarisha,* and *neem* . . .
Do they ruffle your cold, strange, tranquil sleep,
Or trouble your changeless dream
With poignant thoughts of the world you loved,
And the beauty you held so dear?
Do you long for a brief, glad hour to wake
From your lonely slumber for sweet love's sake,
To welcome the new-born year?

SAROJINI NAIDU

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH

AH! the May was grand this mornin'!
Shure, how could I feel forlorn in
Such a land, when tree and flower tossed their kisses to the breeze?
Could an Irish heart be quiet
While the Spring was runnin' riot,
An' the birds of free America were singin' in the trees?
In the songs that they were singin'
No familiar note was ringin',
But I strove to imitate them an' I whistled like a lad.
O! my heart was warm to love them
For the very newness of them —
For the ould songs that they helped me to forget — an' I was glad.

So I mocked the feathered choir
To my hungry heart's desire,
An' I gloried in the comradeship that made their joy my own,
Till a new note sounded, stillin'
All the rest. A thrush was trillin'!
Ah! the thrush I left behind me in the fields about Athlone!
Where, upon the whitethorn swayin',
He was minstrel of the Mayin',
In my days of love an' laughter that the years have laid at rest;
Here again his notes were ringin'!
But I'd lost the heart for singin' —
Ah! the song I could not answer was the one I knew the best.

T. A. Daly

THE GAME

'T is played with eyes; one uttered word
Would cast the game away.
As silent as a sailing bird,
The shift and change of play.

So many eyes to me are dear,
So many do me bless;
The hazel, deep as deep wood-mere
Where leaves are flutterless;

The brown that most bewildereth
With dusking, golden play
Of shadows like betraying breath
From some shy, hidden day;

The black whose torch is ever trimmed,
Let stars be soon or late;
The blue, a morning never dimmed,
Opposing Heaven to fate;

The gray as soft as farthest skies
That hold horizon rain;
Or when, steel-darkling, stoic-wise,
They bring the gods again;

And wavelit eyes of nameless glow,
Fed from far-risen streams;
But oh, the eyes, the eyes that know
The silent game of dreams!

Three times I've played. Once 't was a child,
Lap-held, not half a year
From Heaven, looked at me and smiled,
And far I went with her.

Out past the twilight gates of birth,
And past Time's blindfold day,
Beyond the star-ring of the earth,
We found us room to play.

And once a woman, spent and old
With unavailing tears,
Who from her hair's down-tangled fold
Shook out the gray-blown years,

Sat by the trampled way alone,
And lifted eyes — what themes!
I could not pass, I sat me down
To play the game of dreams.

And once . . . a poet's eyes they were,
Though earth heard not his strain;
And since he went no eyes can stir
My own to play again.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

THE BUTTERFLY

I HOLD you at last in my hand,
Exquisite child of the air.
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

You came to my linden tree
To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
You marvelous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis too!

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

OVERNIGHT, A ROSE

THAT overnight a rose could come
I one time did believe,
For when the fairies live with one,
They wilfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently
Obedient to God.
My wonder grows, since knowledge came
Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
A winter doing this?
Nor did it know, the weary while,
What color and perfume

With this completed loveliness
Lay in that earthly tomb.
So maybe I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow.

CAROLINE GILTINAN

FAITH

IN every seed to breathe the flower,
In every drop of dew
To reverence a cloistered star
Within the distant blue;
To wait the promise of the bow,
Despite the cloud between,
Is Faith — the fervid evidence
Of loveliness unseen.

JOHN BANISTER TABB

THE UNEXPLORED, UNCONQUERED

OUT of the clouds come torrents, from the earth
Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air
Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.
Death's unseen seeds are scattered everywhere.
Yet in his iron cage the mind of man
Measures and braves the terrors of all these;

The blindest fury and the subtlest plan
He turns or tames or shows in their degrees.
Yet in himself are forces of like power,
Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to brain
Pass across oceans, bringing thought to flower —
New worlds, new selves, where he can live again
Eternal beauty's everlasting rose
Which casts this world as shadow as it grows.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE CENTRAL I

O LITTLE self, within whose smallness lies
All that man was, and is, and will become,
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies
And tells the tracks by which the planets roam;
That, without moving, knows the joys of wings,
The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,
And in the hovel can consort with kings
Or clothe a god with his own mystery:
O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,
What dusty folly gather thee for food,
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good!
O living self, O god, O morning star,
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are!

JOHN MASEFIELD

ANCHORED TO THE INFINITE

The builder who first bridged Niagara's gorge,
Before he swung his cable, shore to shore,
Sent out across the gulf his venturing kite
Bearing a slender cord for unseen hands
To grasp upon the further cliff and draw
A greater cord, and then a greater yet;
Till at the last across the chasm swung
The cable — then the mighty bridge in air!

So we may send our little timid thought
Across the void, out to God's reaching hands —
Send out our love and faith to thread the deep —
Thought after thought until the little cord
Has greatened to a chain no chance can break,
And — we are anchored to the Infinite!

Edwin Markham

EXALTATION

Rejoice with wonder, O my soul, rejoice!
And you, ye starry heavens, thou vast hush,
That art so far thou hast for us no voice,
Lend me your silent rapture! With a rush
Come, ye æolian winds that bring the blush
Of holy morning to the eastern sky!

And you, ye springs and fountains that forth gush
To seek the sea! Sweet flowers that smile and die,
And O, thou glorious majesty on high,
Which art the life of all this beauteous Earth!
Come and possess me as the birds that fly,
And lift my being into vocal birth,
Deep on wide wings ascending, till I tell
The glory of our God, that ye have told so well!

PAUL SHIVELL

TO A NEW-BORN BABY GIRL

AND did thy sapphire shallop slip
Its moorings suddenly, to dip
Adown the clear, ethereal sea
From star to star, all silently?
What tenderness of archangels
In silver thrilling syllables
Pursued thee, or what dulcet hymn
Low-chanted by the cherubim?
And thou departing must have heard
The holy Mary's farewell word,
Who with deep eyes and wistful smile
Remembered Earth a little while.

Now from the coasts of morning pale
Comes safe to port thy tiny sail.

Now have we seen by early sun,
Thy miracle of life begun.
All breathing and aware thou art,
With beauty templed in thy heart
To let thee recognize the thrill
Of wings along far azure hill,
And hear within the hollow sky
Thy friends the angels rushing by.
These shall recall that thou hast known
Their distant country as thine own,
To spare thee word of vales and streams,
And publish heaven through thy dreams.
The human accents of the breeze
Through swaying star-acquainted trees
Shall seem a voice heard earlier,
Her voice, the adoring sigh of her,
When thou amid rosy cherub-play
Didst hear her call thee, far away,
And dream in very Paradise
The worship of thy mother's eyes.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE CHILD

It was only the clinging touch
Of a child's hand in the street,
But it made the whole day sweet;
Caught, as he ran full-speed,
In my own stretched out to his need,
Caught, and saved from the fall,
As I held, for the moment's poise,
In my circling arms the whole boy's
Delicate slightness, warméd mould;
Mine, for an instant mine,
The sweetest thing the heart can divine,
More precious than fame or gold,
The crown of many joys,
Lay in my breast, all mine.

I was nothing to him;
He neither looked up nor spoke;
I never saw his eyes;
He was gone ere my mind awoke
From the action's quick surprise
With vision blurred and dim.

You say I ask too much:
It was only the clinging touch
Of a child in a city street;
It hath made the whole day sweet.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

"EX ORE INFANTIUM"

(A CHILD'S PRAYER)

LITTLE JESUS, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 't would distress me —
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 't was quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed?
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way —
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way? —
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),

And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And he will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

TWO BOYHOODS

LUMINOUS passions reign
High in the soul of man; and they are twain.
Of these he hath made the poetry of earth —
Hath made his nobler tears, his magic mirth.

Fair Love is one of these,
The visiting vision of seven centuries;
And one is love of Nature — love to tears —
The modern passion of this hundred years.

Oh, never to such height,
Oh, never to such spiritual light —
The light of lonely visions, and the gleam
Of secret, splendid, sombre suns in dream —

Oh, never to such long
Glory in life, supremacy in song,
Had either of these loves attained in joy,
But for the ministration of a boy.

Dante was one who bare
Love in his deep heart, apprehended there
When he was yet a child; and from that day
The radiant love has never passed away.

And one was Wordsworth; he
Conceived the love of Nature childishly
As no adult heart might; old poets sing
That exaltation by remembering.

For no divine
Intelligence, or art, or fire, or wine,
Is high-delirious as that rising lark —
The child's soul and its daybreak in the dark.

And Letters keep these two
Heavenly treasures safe the ages through,
Safe from ignoble benison or ban —
These two high childhoods in the heart of man.

ALICE MEYNELL

YOUTH

I SHALL remember then,
At twilight time or in the hush of dawn,
Or yet, mayhap, when on a straying wind
The scent of lilac comes, or when
Some strain of music startles and is gone.

Old dreams, old roses, all so far behind,
Blossoms and birds and ancient shadow-trees,
Whispers at sunset, the low hum of bees,
And sheep that graze beneath a summer sun,
Will they too come, they who in yester-year
Walked the same paths and in the first of Spring,
And shall I hear
Their distant voices murmuring?

I shall remember then
When youth is done,
With the dim years grown gray;
And I shall wonder what it is that ends,
And why they seem so very far away —
Old dreams, old roses . . . and old friends.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

THERE IS NO AGE

THERE is no age, this darkness and decay
Is by a radiant spirit cast aside,
Young with the ageless youth that yesterday
Bent to the yoke of flesh immortal pride.

What though in time of thunder and black cloud
The Spirit of the Innermost recedes
Into the depths of Being, stormy browed,
Obscured by a long life of dreams and deeds —

There is no age — the swiftly passing hour
That measures out our days of pilgrimage
And breaks the heart of every summer flower,
Shall find again the child's soul in the sage.

There is no age, for youth is the divine;
And the white radiance of the timeless soul
Burns like a silver lamp in that dark shrine
That is the tired pilgrim's ultimate goal.

Eva Gore-Booth

GYPSY-HEART

The April world is misted with emerald and gold;
The meadow-larks are calling sweet and keen;
Gypsy-heart is up and off for woodland and for wold,
Roaming, roaming, roaming through the green.
Gypsy-heart, away!
Oh, the wind — the wind and the sun!
Take the blithe adventure of the fugitive to-day;
Youth will soon be done.

From buds that May is kissing there trembles forth a soul;
The rosy boughs are whispering the white;
Gypsy-heart is heedless now of thrush and oriole,
Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of delight.

Gypsy-heart, beware!
Oh, the song — the song in the blood!
Magic walks the forest; there's bewitchment on the air.
Spring is at the flood.

The wings of June are woven of fragrance and of fire;
Heap roses, crimson roses, for her throne.
Gypsy-heart is anguished with tumultuous desire,
Seeking, seeking, seeking for its own.
Gypsy-heart, abide!
Oh, the far — the far is the near!
'T is a foolish fable that the universe is wide.
All the world is here.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

GLADNESS

THE world has brought not anything
To make me glad to-day!
The swallow had a broken wing,
And after all my journeying
There was no water in the spring —
My friend has said me nay.
But yet somehow I needs must sing
As on a luckier day.

Dusk falls as gray as any tear,
There is no hope in sight!

But something in me seems so fair,
That like a star I needs must wear
A safety made of shining air
Between me and the night.
Such inner weavings do I wear
All fashioned of delight!

I need not for these robes of mine
The loveliness of earth,
But happenings remote and fine
Like threads of dreams will blow and shine
In gossamer and crystalline,
And I was glad from birth.
So even while my eyes repine,
My heart is clothed in mirth.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

HARK TO THE MERRY BIRDS

HARK to the merry birds, hark how they sing!
Although 't is not yet spring
And keen the air;
Hale Winter, half resigning ere he go,
Doth to his heiress shew
His kingdom fair.

In patient russet is his forest spread,
All bright with bramble red,
With beechen moss
And holly sheen: the oak silver and stark
Sunneth his aged bark
And wrinkled boss.

But neath the ruin of the withered brake
Primroses now awake
From nursing shades:
The crumpled carpet of the dry leaves brown
Avails not to keep down
The hyacinth blades.

The hazel hath put forth his tassels ruffed;
The willow's flossy tuft
Hath slipped him free:
The rose amid her ransacked orange hips
Braggeth the tender tips
Of bowers to be.

A black rook stirs the branches here and there,
Foraging to repair
His broken home:
And hark, on the ash-boughs! Never thrush did sing
Louder in praise of spring,
When spring is come.

ROBERT BRIDGES

THE HERITAGE

No matter what my birth may be,
  No matter where my lot is cast,
I am the heir in equity
  Of all the precious Past.

The art, the science, and the lore
  Of all the ages long since dust,
The wisdom of the world in store,
  Are mine, all mine in trust.

The beauty of the living earth,
  The power of the golden sun,
The Present, whatsoe'er my birth,
  I share with every one.

As much as any man am I
  The owner of the working day;
Mine are the minutes as they fly
  To save or throw away.

And mine the Future to bequeath
  Unto the generations new;
I help to shape it with my breath,
  Mine as I think or do.

Present and Past my heritage,
The Future laid in my control; —
No matter what my name or age,
I am a Master-soul!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

AFFINITY

You and I have found the secret way,
None can bar our love or say us nay:
All the world may stare and never know
You and I are twined together so.

You and I for all his vaunted width
Know the giant Space is but a myth;
Over miles and miles of pure deceit
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues apart
In the soft delight of heart to heart.
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have trod the backward way
To the happy heart of yesterday,
To the love we felt in ages past.
You and I have found it still to last.

You and I have found the joy had birth
In the angel childhood of the earth,
Hid within the heart of man and maid.
You and I of Time are not afraid.

You and I can mock his fabled wing,
For a kiss is an immortal thing.
And the throb wherein those old lips met
Is a living music in us yet.

A. E.

SONG

"Oh! Love," they said, "is King of Kings,
And Triumph is his crown.
Earth fades in flame before his wings,
And Sun and Moon bow down." —
But that, I knew, would never do;
And Heaven is all too high.
So whenever I meet a Queen, I said,
I will not catch her eye.

"Oh! Love," they said, and "Love," they said,
"The gift of Love is this;
A crown of thorns about thy head,
And vinegar to thy kiss!" —

But Tragedy is not for me;
And I'm content to be gay.
So whenever I spied a Tragic Lady,
I went another way.

And so I never feared to see
You wander down the street,
Or come across the fields to me
On ordinary feet.
For what they'd never told me of,
And what I never knew;
It was that all the time, my love,
Love would be merely you.

RUPERT BROOKE

THE GREATER BIRTH

I LEFT the crowded streets behind
And down the straight white road I went,
To open field and wood and sky
And weary-limbed content.

Dumb was the forest, dumb the glade,
Still as a church the arching boughs,
Though low winds tossed my tumbled hair
And played about my brows.

I slept, I woke. The sun was mine,
The sky, the birds, the fields my own!
And I was neither man nor god —
Nature was I, alone.

The springs of earth coursed in my veins,
From head to heart, from hill to sea;
The trees were my stalwart sons, the flowers —
My daughters that played on the lea.

The sky was my dear love, bending down;
And I sang to her softly, I sang to her loud —
And, ah, my voice was the voice of the wind
That chases the sea-born cloud.

I felt the heart-throbs of the world
Beating in me the greater birth;
And I sang, I laughed, I cried in my glee
That I was part of earth!

Yet though the sunshine glistened fair,
And clear springs sparkled in the sod,
I trembled as I raised my eyes,
For I was part of God.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

SONG FROM GITANJALI

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well,

O thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the Western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never, never a word.

Rabindranath Tagore

MUSIC

"Music is Love in search of a word." *Sidney Lanier.*

Is music "love in search of words"? Not so.
For love well knows he never may express
In words a tithe of all his tenderness,
Nor paint in human speech a passion's glow
Lit by his flame. Too deep and still, too low
Even for angels' ears, the sacredness
Of meaning when two hearts together press
And feel from eye to eye love's secret flow.

But music is a house not made with hands,
Built by love's Father, where a little space
The soul may dwell; a royal palace fit
To meet the majesty of its demands;
The place where man's two lives unite; the place
To hold communion with the infinite.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

LOVE

LET me but love my love without disguise,
Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,
Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,
Nor play a part to shine in others' eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies;
But what I am, to that let me be true,
And let me worship where my love is due,
And so through love and worship let me rise.

For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
To be completely known and all forgiven,
Even as sinful souls that enter Heaven:
So take me, dear, and understand my worst,
And freely pardon it, because confessed,
And let me find in loving thee, my best.

HENRY VAN DYKE

HOME

Home, to the hills and the rough, running water;
Home, to the plain folk and cold winds again.
Oh, I am only a gray farm's still daughter,
Spite of my wandering passion and pain!

Home, from the city that snares and enthralls me;
Home, from the bold light and bold weary crowd.
Oh, it's the blown snow and bare field that calls me;
White star and shy dawn and wild lonely cloud!

Home, to the gray house the pine-trees guard, sighing;
Home, to the low door that laughs to my touch.
How should I know till my wings failed me, flying,
Home-nest, — my heart's nest, — I loved you so much?

Fannie Stearns Davis

ROOFS

The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of the night is sweet
And this is the time when *Wanderlust* should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face
And leave the splendour of out-of-doors for a human dwelling-place.

I never have known a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and never have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

The gypsy-man sleeps in his cart with canvas overhead,
Or else he crawls into a tent when it is time for bed.
He will take his ease upon the grass so long as the sun is high
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-travelling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you pay your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a Golden Town where Golden Houses are.

JOYCE KILMER

THE MOTHER

THERE will be a singing in your heart,
There will be a rapture in your eyes;
You will be a woman set apart,
You will be so wonderful and wise.
You will sleep, and when from dreams you start,
As of one that wakes in Paradise,
There will be a singing in your heart,
There will be a rapture in your eyes.

There will be a moaning in your heart,
There will be an anguish in your eyes;
You will see your dearest ones depart,
You will hear their quivering good-byes.
Yours will be the heart-ache and the smart,
Tears that scald and lonely sacrifice;
There will be a moaning in your heart,
There will be an anguish in your eyes.

There will come a glory in your eyes,
There will come a peace within your heart;
Sitting 'neath the quiet evening skies,
Time will dry the tear and dull the smart.
You will know that you have played your part;
Yours shall be the love that never dies:
You, with Heaven's peace within your heart,
You, with God's own glory in your eyes.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

HER WORDS

My mother has the prettiest tricks
  Of words and words and words.
Her talk comes out as smooth and sleek
  As breasts of singing birds.

She shapes her speech all silver fine
  Because she loves it so.
And her own eyes begin to shine
  To hear her stories grow.

And if she goes to make a call
  Or out to take a walk,
We leave our work when she returns
  And run to hear her talk.

We had not dreamed these things were so
  Of sorrow and of mirth.
Her speech is as a thousand eyes
  Through which we see the earth.

God wove a web of loveliness,
  Of clouds and stars and birds,
But made not anything at all
  So beautiful as words.

They shine around our simple earth
With golden shadowings,
And every common thing they touch
Is exquisite with wings.

There's nothing poor and nothing small
But is made fair with them.
They are the hands of living faith
That touch the garment's hem.

They are as fair as bloom or air,
They shine like any star,
And I am rich who learned from her
How beautiful they are.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THE VOICE

As I went down the hill I heard
The laughter of the countryside;
For, rain being past, the whole land stirred
With new emotion, like a bride.
I scarce had left the grassy lane,
When something made me catch my breath:
A woman called, and called again,
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

It was my mother's name. A part
Of wounded memory sprang to tears,
And the few violets of my heart
Shook in the wind of happier years.
Quicker than magic came the face
That once was sun and moon for me;
The garden shawl, the cap of lace,
The collie's head against her knee.

Mother, who findest out a way
To pass the sentinels, and stand
Behind my chair at close of day,
To touch me — almost — with thy hand.
Deep in my breast how sure, how clear,
The lamp of love burns on till death! —
How trembles if I chance to hear
Elizabeth! Elizabeth!

NORMAN GALE

CONFESSION

WHEN I was young I made a vow
To keep youth in my heart as long
As there were birds upon the bough
To gladden me with song:

To learn what lessons Life might give,
  To do my duty as I saw,
To love my friends, to laugh and live
  Not holding Death in awe.

So all my lyrics sing of joy,
  And shall until my lips are mute;
In old age happy as the boy
  To whom God gave the lute.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

WHAT SAY BRIGHT LEAVES OF DAY

WHAT say
Bright leaves of day,
By the laughing wind caressed?

"All young things
  Should dance in the sun:
There joy sings
  To every one."

What say
Sweet flowers of day,
That strive not, yet are blest?

"All young things
Should live in the sun:
There joy sings
To every one."

What say
At shut of day,
Two bird-calls from the west?

"All young things
Should love in the sun:
There joy sings
To every one."

GRACE FALLOW NORTON

THE GOLDEN SHOES

THE winds are lashing on the sea;
The roads are blind with storm.
And it's far and far away with me;
So bide you there, stay warm.
It's forth I must, and forth to-day;
And I have no path to choose.
The highway hill, it is my way still.
Give me my golden shoes.

God gave them me on that first day
I knew that I was young.
And I looked far forth, from west to north;
And I heard the Songs unsung.

This cloak is worn too threadbare thin,
But ah, how weatherwise!
This girdle serves to bind it in;
What heed of wondering eyes? —
And yet beside, I wear one pride
— Too bright, think you, to use? —
That I must wear, and still keep fair.
Give here my golden shoes.

God gave them me, on that first day
I heard the Stars all chime.
And I looked forth far, from road to star;
And I knew it was far to climb.

They would buy me house and hearth, no doubt,
And the mirth to spend and share;
Could I sell that gift, and go without,
Or wear — what neighbors wear.
But take my staff, my purse, my scrip;
For I have one thing to choose.
For you — Godspeed! May you soothe your need.
For me, my golden shoes!

He gave them me, that far, first day
When I heard all Songs unsung.
And I looked far forth, from west to north.
God saw that I was young!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

A CREED

THERE is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,
One thing holds firm and fast —
That into his fateful heap of days and deeds
The soul of a man is cast.

EDWIN MARKHAM

THE KINGS

A MAN said unto his angel:
"My spirits are fallen thro',
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother! what shall I do?

"The terrible Kings are on me,
With spears that are deadly bright,
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his angel:
"Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only,
The solemn event of things;
The weakest of hearts defying
Is stronger than all these Kings.

"Tho' out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringleted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt,

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

COURAGE

COURAGE is but a word, and yet, of words,
The only sentinel of permanence;
The ruddy watch-fire of cold winter days,
We steal its comfort, lift our weary swords,
And on. For faith — without it — has no sense;
And love to wind of doubt and tremor sways;
And life for ever quaking marsh must tread.

Laws give it not, before it prayer will blush,
Hope has it not, nor pride of being true.
'T is the mysterious soul which never yields,
But hales us on and on to breast the rush
Of all the fortunes we shall happen through.
And when Death calls across his shadowy fields —
Dying, it answers: "Here! I am not dead!"

JOHN GALSWORTHY

WORK

A SONG OF TRIUMPH

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it —
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire —
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;

Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal.
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills —

Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk —
Thank God for the splendor of work!

ANGELA MORGAN

THREE COUNSELLORS

IT was the fairy of the place,
Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"
Then quietly itself was gone:
Yet echoes of its mute caress
Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
Who called "Awake, prepare for fight:
Yet lose not memory in the din:
Make of thy gentleness thy might:

"Make of thy silence words to shake
The long-enthroned kings of earth:
Make of thy will the force to break
Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise, all-seeing soul
Who counselled neither war nor peace:
"Only be thou thyself that goal
In which the wars of time shall cease."

A. E.

WINDOWS

The windows of the place wherein I dwell
I will make beautiful. No garish light
Shall enter crudely; but with colors bright,
And warm and throbbing I will weave a spell,
In rainbow harmony the theme to tell
Of sage and simple saint and noble knight,
Beggar and king who fought the gallant fight.
These shall transfigure even my poor cell.

But when the shadows of the night begin,
And sifted sunlight falls no more on me,
May I have learned to light my lamp within;
So that the passing world may look and see
Still the same radiance, though with paler hue,
Of the sweet lives that help men to live true.

Abbie Farwell Brown

THE RUNAWAY

What are you doing, little day-moon,
Over the April hill?
What are you doing, up so soon,
Climbing the sky with silver shoon?
What are you doing at half-past noon,
Slipping along so still?

Are you so eager, the heights unwon,
That you cannot wait,
But, unheeding of wind and sun,
Out of your nest of night must run,
Up where the day is far from done,
Shy little shadow-mate?

Up and away, then, — with young mists
Tripping along the blue!
Dance and dally and promise trysts
Unto each that around you lists;
For, little moon, not a one but wists
April's the time to woo!

Cale Young Rice

THE LITTLE GARDEN

A LITTLE garden on a bleak hillside
Where deep the heavy, dazzling mountain snow
Lies far into the spring. The sun's pale glow
Is scarcely able to melt patches wide
About the single rose bush. All denied
Of Nature's tender ministries. But no, —
For wonder-working faith has made it blow
With flowers many hued and starry-eyed.
Here sleeps the sun long, idle summer hours;
Here butterflies and bees fare far to rove
Amid the crumpled leaves of poppy flowers;
Here four o'clocks, to the passionate night above
Fling whiffs of perfume, like pale incense showers.
A little garden, loved with a great love!

AMY LOWELL

AH', SWEET IS TIPPERARY

AH, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feather folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro;
When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant vesture on,
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance —
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring;

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling
And the Suir [1] goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays —
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the year,
When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom breaking,
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes,
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure, half of pain —
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

A YELLOW PANSY

To the wall of the old green garden
A butterfly quivering came;
His wings on the sombre lichens
Played like a yellow flame.

[1] Pronounced *Shure*.

He looked at the gray geraniums,
And the sleepy four-o-'clocks;
He looked at the low lanes bordered
With the glossy-growing box.

He longed for the peace and the silence,
And the shadows that lengthened there,
And his wee wild heart was weary
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden, —
I know not how it came, —
A single pansy is blooming,
Bright as a yellow flame.

And whenever a gay gust passes,
It quivers as if with pain,
For the butterfly-soul that is in it
Longs for the winds again!

HELEN GRAY CONE

RICHES

WHAT to a man who loves the air
Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?
And what is wealth or fame to one
Who is a brother to the sun;

Who drinks the wine that morning spills
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,
And sees a ray of hope afar
In every glimmer of a star?

What to a man whose god is truth
Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth —
Who looks beyond the doors of death
For loftier life, sublimer breath;
Who can forswear the state of kings
In knowledge of diviner things,
The dreams immortal that unroll
And burst to blossoms in his soul?

ROBERT LOVEMAN

SONG

A SUNSHINE heart,
  And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
  And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
  Help them along,
A sunshine heart,
  And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
  And a soul of song,

What though about thee
Foemen throng?
All the day, on thy way,
Be thou strong;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

ROBERT LOVEMAN

PINE-TREES AND THE SKY: EVENING

I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky,
And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm clover,
And heard the waves, and the sea-gull's mocking cry.

And in them all was only the old cry,
That song they always sing — "The best is over!
You may remember now, and think, and sigh,
O silly lover!"
And I was tired and sick that all was over,
And because I,
For all my thinking, never could recover
One moment of the good hours that were over.
And I was sorry and sick, and wished to die.

Then from the sad west turning wearily,
I saw the pines against the white north sky,

Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.
And there was peace in them; and I
Was happy, and forgot to play the lover,
And laughed, and did no longer wish to die;
Being glad of you, O pine-trees and the sky!

RUPERT BROOKE

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

COME, choose your road and away, my lad,
Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown
As it dips to the dazzling day.
It's a long white road for the weary;
But it rolls through the heart of the May.

Though many a road would merrily ring
To the tramp of your marching feet,
All roads are one from the day that's done,
And the miles are swift and sweet,
And the graves of your friends are the mile-stones
To the land where all roads meet.

But the call that you hear this day, my lad,
Is the Spring's old bugle of mirth

When the year's green fire in a soul's desire
  Is brought like a rose to the birth;
And knights ride out to adventure
  As the flowers break out of the earth.

Over the sweet-smelling mountain-passes
  The clouds lie brightly curled;
The wild-flowers cling to the crags and swing
  With cataract-dews impearled;
And the way, the way that you choose this day
  Is the way to the end of the world.

It rolls from the golden long ago
  To the land that we ne'er shall find;
And it's uphill here, but it's down hill there,
  For the road is wise and kind,
And all rough places and cheerless faces
  Will soon be left behind.

Come, choose your road and away, away,
  We'll follow the gypsy sun;
For it's soon, too soon to the end of the day,
  And the day is well begun;
And the road rolls on through the heart of the May,
  And there's never a May but one.

There's a fir-wood here, and a dog-rose there,
  And a note of the mating dove;

And a glimpse, maybe, of the warm blue sea,
  And the warm white clouds above;
And warm to your breast in a tenderer nest
  Your sweetheart's little glove.

There's not much better to win, my lad,
  There's not much better to win!
You have lived, you have loved, you have fought,
    you have proved
The worth of folly and sin;
So now come out of the city's rout,
  Come out of the dust and the din.

Come out, — a bundle and stick is all
  You'll need to carry along,
If your heart can carry a kindly word,
  And your lips can carry a song;
You may leave the lave to the keep o' the grave,
  If your lips can carry a song!

Come, choose your road and away, my lad,
  Come, choose your road and away!
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown,
  As it dips to the sapphire day!
All roads may meet at the world's end,
  But, hey for the heart of the May!
Come, choose your road and away, dear lad,
  Come, choose your road and away.

ALFRED NOYES

THE TUFT OF FLOWERS

I WENT to turn the grass once after one
Who mowed it in the dew before the sun.

The dew was gone that made his blade so keen
Before I came to view the levelled scene.

I looked for him behind an isle of trees;
I listened for his whetstone on the breeze.

But he had gone his way, the grass all mown,
And I must be, as he had been — alone,

"As all must be," I said within my heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

But as I said it, swift there passed me by
On noiseless wing a 'wildered butterfly,

Seeking with memories grown dim o'er night
Some resting flower of yesterday's delight.

And once I marked his flight go round and round,
As where some flower lay withering on the ground.

And then he flew as far as eye could see,
And then on tremulous wing came back to me.

I thought of questions that have no reply,
And would have turned to toss the grass to dry;

But he turned first, and led my eye to look
At a tall tuft of flowers beside a brook,

A leaping tongue of bloom the scythe had spared
Beside a reedy brook the scythe had bared.

I left my place to know them by their name,
Finding them butterfly-weed when I came.

The mower in the dew had loved them thus,
By leaving them to flourish, not for us,

Nor yet to draw one thought of ours to him.
But from sheer morning gladness at the brim.

The butterfly and I had lit upon,
Nevertheless, a message from the dawn,

That made me hear the wakening birds around,
And hear his long scythe whispering to the ground,

And feel a spirit kindred to my own;
So that henceforth I worked no more alone;

But glad with him, I worked as with his aid,
And weary, sought at noon with him the shade;

And dreaming, as it were, held brotherly speech
With one whose thought I had not hoped to reach.

"Men work together," I told him from the heart,
"Whether they work together or apart."

ROBERT FROST

LITTLE LAC GRENIER

(Gren-Yay)

LEETLE Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Up on de mountain high,
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm,
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm!

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer
An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
Onder de roof of spring
Ma canoe's afloat, an' de robin sing,
De lily's beginning her summer dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, ma chère, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
Don't spik to me no more,
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
An' you know youse'f I'm too far away,
For visit you now — leetle Lac Grenier!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

THE LITTLE RED LARK

The little red lark is shaking his wings,
Straight from the breast of his love he springs;
Listen the lilt of the song he sings,
All in the morning early, O.

The sea is rocking a cradle, hark!
To a hushing-song, and the fields are dark,
And would I were there with the little red lark,
All in the morning early, O.

The beard of barley is old-man's-gray,
All green and silver the new-mown hay,
The dew from his wings he has shaken away,
All in the morning early, O.

The little red lark is high in the sky,
No eagle soars where the lark may fly,
Where are you going to, high, so high?
All in the morning early, O.

His wings and feathers are sunrise red,
He hails the sun and his golden head:
Good-morrow, Sun, you are long abed.
All in the morning early, O.

I would I were where the little red lark
Up in the dawn like a rose-red spark,
Sheds the day on the fields so dark,
All in the morning early, O.

KATHARINE TYNAN

SONG FROM GITANJALI

THOU hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in homes not my own. Thou has brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger.

I am uneasy at heart when I have to leave my accustomed shelter; I forget that there abides the old in the new, and that there also thou abidest.

Through birth and death, in this world or in others, wherever thou leadest me it is thou, the same, the one companion of my endless life who ever linkest my heart with bonds of joy to the unfamiliar.

When one knows thee, then alien there is none, then no door is shut. Oh, grant me my prayer that I may never lose the bliss of the touch of the one in the play of the many.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Enough: you have the dream, the flame;
Free it henceforth:
The South has given you a name; —
Now for the North.

Unsheathe your ship from where she lies,
In narrow ease;
Fling out her sails to the tall skies,
Flout the sharp seas.

Beyond bleak headlands wistful burn
Warm lights of home;
In shutting darkness frays astern,
Far-spun, the foam.

Come wide sea-dawns, that empty are
Of wet sea sand;
Come eves, that lay beneath a star
No lull of land.

And whether on faint iris wings
Of fancy borne,
Or blown and breathed, the south wind brings
So much to mourn!

The deep wood-shadows, they that drew
So softly near;
The violets all veined with blue, —
Be strong, and steer!

There is a silence to be found,
And rested in;
A stillness out of thought, where sound
Can never win.

There is a peace, beyond the stir
Of wind or wave;
A sleeping, where high stars confer
Over the brave.

The south winds come, the south winds go,
Caressing, dear;
Northward is silence, and white snow, —
Be strong, and steer!

For in that silence, waiting, lies,
Untroubled, true; —
Oh, eager, clear-like love in eyes —
The soul of you.

BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

GARDEN OF THE ROSE

Her heart is like a garden fair
  Where many pleasant blossoms grow;
But though I sometimes enter there,
  There is one path I do not know.

The way I go to find it lies
  Through dewy beds of violet;
Those are the portals of her eyes,
  Where modesty and truth are set.

And just behind, a hedge is placed —
  A hedge of lilies, tall and white.
Those are her maiden thoughts, so chaste
  I almost tremble in their sight.

But shining through them, and above —
  Half-hid, but trembling to unfold —
I spy the roses of her love,
  And then again I grow more bold.

So, half in prayer, I seek and wait
  To find the secret path that goes
Up from the lily-guarded gate
  To her heart's garden of the rose.

Charles Buxton Going

THE LOVER TELLS OF THE ROSE IN HIS HEART

All things uncomely and broken, all things
worn out and old,
The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak
of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing
the wintry mould,
Are wronging your image that blossoms a
rose in the deeps of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too
great to be told;
I hunger to build them anew and sit on a
green knoll apart,
With the earth and the sky and the water,
remade, like a casket of gold
For my dreams of your image that blossoms
a rose in the deeps of my heart.

W. B. Yeats

A LITTLE SONG OF LIFE

Glad that I live am I;
That the sky is blue;
Glad for the country lanes,
And the fall of dew.

After the sun the rain
After the rain the sun;
This is the way of life,
Till the work be done.

All that we need to do,
Be we low or high,
Is to see that we grow
Nearer the sky.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

WORKWORN

ACROSS the street, an humble woman lives;
To her 't is little fortune ever gives;
Denied the wines of life, it puzzles me
To know how she can laugh so cheerily.
This morn I listened to her softly sing,
And, marvelling what this effect could bring,
I looked: 't was but the presence of a child
Who passed her gate, and looking in, had smiled.
But self-encrusted, I had failed to see
The child had also looked and laughed to me.
My lowly neighbor thought the smile God-sent,
And singing, through the toilsome hours she went.
O! weary singer, I have learned the wrong
Of taking gifts, and giving naught of song;

I thought my blessings scant, my mercies few,
Till I contrasted them with yours, and you;
To-day I counted much, yet wished it more —
While but a child's bright smile was all your store.

If I had thought of all the stormy days,
That fill some lives that tread less favored ways,
How little sunshine through their shadows gleamed,
My own dull life had much the brighter seemed;
If I had thought of all the eyes that weep
Through desolation, and still smiling keep,
That see so little pleasure, so much woe,
My own had laughed more often long ago;
If I had thought how leaden was the weight
Adversity lays at my kinsman's gate,
Of that great cross my next-door neighbor bears,
My thanks had been more frequent in my prayers;
If I had watched the woman o'er the way,
Workworn and old, who labors day by day,
Who has no rest, no joy to call her own,
My tasks, my heart, had much the lighter grown.

E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake)

Like a king from a sunrise-land
In fair ship sailing,
With banners salt winds expand
And pennons trailing;
With wealth untold and a mind unknown,
And a power to love and make friends of his own,
And a power to leave those he likes not alone,
Each new day comes to me, —
Like king from far east sailing
Over the sea.

In a barge with golden trappings
For queen prepared,
And, against the cold, rich wrappings
And furs deep-haired,
To lands afar, by a force unguessed,
Where the face reveals what hides in the breast,
And by doubt of another no heart is distressed,
Some nights have carried me,
Like queen that homeward fared
Over the sea.

O heart, be true and strong,
That worth make thee each day's good friend;
Then thou the hours of dark shalt spend
Out there, where is no wrong.

T. Sturge Moore

BY AN OPEN WINDOW IN CHURCH

I HEAR the music of the murmuring breeze,
It mingles with the preacher's quiet word;
Dim, holy memories are waked and stirred,
I seem to touch once more my mother's knees.
Christ's human love, His spirit mysteries
Envelop me. It is as though I heard
An angel choir in the singing bird
That floats above the fair full-foliaged trees.
The old sweet Faith is singing in my breast
With peace in Nature's summer subtly blent,
All of my being breathes a deep content —
Life and its unremitting, baffled quest
Fade into this rich sense of perfect rest —
My soul, renewed, is steeped in sacrament.

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

TRANSIENCE

NAY, do not grieve tho' life be full of sadness,
Dawn will not veil her splendour for your grief,
Nor spring deny their bright, appointed beauty
To lotus blossom and ashoka leaf.

Nay, do not pine, tho' life be dark with trouble,
Time will not pause or tarry on his way;

To-day that seems so long, so strange, so bitter
Will soon be some forgotten yesterday.

Nay, do not weep; new hopes, new dreams, new faces,
The unspent joy of all the unborn years,
Will prove your heart a traitor to its sorrow,
And make your eyes unfaithful to their tears.

SAROJINI NAIDU

THE VOICE OF THE UNBORN

FROM the Unseen I come to you to-night,
The Hope and Expectation of your world.
I am Omniscience that seeks of you
A tongue to utter the eternal thought.
I am Omnipotence that claims of you
The tools whereby my power may profit earth.
All Love am I, that seeks to spend itself
Embodied in a human sacrament,
For I have heard the wailing of the world,
Not faint and far away as in a dream,
But very near — and lo, I understood
It need not be. Wherefore I come to you.

O You to whom my tenderness goes out,
To whom I fain would bring an end of groans
And blind, bewildered tears, a cloudless dawn
Of unimagined joy and strength unguessed,

What welcome will you give to me, O World?
Since I whose dwelling is the universe
Will stoop to walls and rafters for your sake,
What is the home you have prepared for me?
O Men and Women, is it beautiful,
A place of peace, a house of harmony?
Will you be glad, who know me as I am,
To see me make my habitation there?
Since I will hamper my divinity
With weight of mortal raiment for your sake,
What vesture have you woven for my wear?
O Man and Woman who have fashioned it
Together, is it fine and clean and strong,
Made in such reverence of holy joy,
Of such unsullied substance, that your hearts
Leap with glad awe to see it clothing me,
The glory of whose nakedness you know?

Oh, long, long silence of the wakening years!
Thus have I called since man took shape as man;
Thus will I call till all mankind shall heed
And know me, who to-day am one with God,
And whom to-morrow shall behold, your child.

From the Unseen I come to you to-night. . . .

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THE BOWL OF WATER

She is eight years old.
When she laughs, her eyes laugh;
Light dances in her eyes;
She tosses back her long hair
And with a song replies;
Then on light feet she darts away
Tripping, mischievously gay.
But now into this room of shadow
Coming slowly with the sun's long ray
And all the morning on her simple hair,
O how serious-eyed
She steps pre-occupied
Holding a bowl of water
Poised in her fingers' care, —
Water quivering with cool gleams
And wavering and a-roll
Within the clear glass bowl,
That brimmed and luminous seems
A wonder and a shining secrecy,
As if it were the world's most precious thing,
So open-clear that all have passed it by.
Cut stalks of iris lie
On the bare table, flowers and swelling buds
Clasped in close curves up to the purple tips
That shall to-morrow burst

And shoot a splendid wing,
When they have drawn into their veins the spring
Which those young hands, with the drops bright on them,
So all intently bring;
Costless felicity,
Living and unbought!
But over me, O flowers
That neither ask nor sigh,
Comes the thought,
How all this world is wanting and athirst!

LAURENCE BINYON

THE LITTLE SON

WHEN my little son is born on a sunny summer morn,
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside the sea,
For the windy wathers blue would be dancin' if they knew;
An' the weeny waves that wet the sand come creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday warm an' clear,
I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to Craiga' wood;
In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush my tender laddo,
An' the flittin' birds'll quet their songs as if they understood.

When my pretty son's awake, och, the care o' him I'll take!
An' we'll never pass a gentle place between the dark an' day;
If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll keep,
Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be wantin' him away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my knee —
Though the world should be my pillow he must know no harder
place;
Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all o' gold,
But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss upon his face.

MOIRA O'NEILL

TWO SONGS FOR A CHILD

I

Grandfather's Love

THEY said he sent his love to me,
They would n't put it in my hand,
And when I asked them where it was
They said I could n't understand.

I thought they must have hidden it,
I hunted for it all the day,
And when I told them so at night
They smiled and turned their heads away.

They say that love is something kind,
That I can never see or touch.
I wish he'd sent me something else,
I like his cough-drops twice as much.

II

The Kind Moon

I THINK the moon is very kind
To take such trouble just for me.
He came along with me from home
To keep me company.

He went as fast as I could run;
I wonder how he crossed the sky?
I'm sure he has n't legs and feet
Or any wings to fly.

Yet here he is above their roof;
Perhaps he thinks it is n't right
For me to go so far alone,
Tho' mother said I might.

SARA TEASDALE

THROUGH THE WINDOW

THROUGH the window Love looked in
For an instant only,
And behold! — a little maid
In the silence lonely.

At his glance, her lily cheek
Took the tint of roses,
And her lips soft parted, like
A bud that half uncloses.

Gentle tremors filled her breast,
And her eyes grew tender
With a something wistful that
His presence seemed to lend her.

Ah, 't was strange! Love there looked in
For an instant only,
Yet the lass, so lone before,
Seemed, methought, less lonely.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

A PRAYER IN SPRING

OH, give us pleasure in the flowers to-day;
And give us not to think so far away
As the uncertain harvest; keep us here
All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,
Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;
And make us happy in the happy bees,
The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird
That suddenly above the bees is heard,
The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,
And oft a blossom in mid-air stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,
The which it is reserved for God above
To sanctify to what far ends he will,
But which it only needs that we fulfil.

ROBERT FROST

IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING

I

In the cool of the evening, when the low sweet whispers waken,
When the labourers turn them homeward, and the weary have their will,
When the censers of the roses o'er the forest-aisles are shaken,
Is it but the wind that cometh o'er the far green hill?

II

For they say 't is but the sunset winds that wander through the heather,
Rustle all the meadow-grass and bend the dewy fern;
They say 't is but the winds that bow the reeds in prayer together,
And fill the shaken pools with fire along the shadowy burn.

III

In the beauty of the twilight, in the Garden that He loveth,
They have veiled His lovely vesture with the darkness of a name!
Thro' His Garden, thro' His Garden, it is but the wind that moveth,
No more; but O, the miracle, the miracle is the same!

IV

In the cool of the evening, when the sky is an old story
Slowly dying, but remembered, ay, and loved with passion still,
Hush! . . . the fringes of His garment, in the fading golden glory,
Softly rustling as He cometh o'er the far green hill.

ALFRED NOYES

MARCH

IN the dark silence of her chambers low,
March works out sweeter things than mortals know.

Her noiseless looms ply on with busy care,
Weaving the fine cloth that the flowers wear.

She sews the seams in violets' queer hood,
And paints the sweet arbutus of the wood.

Out of a bit of sky's delicious blue
She fashions hyacinths, and harebells, too.

And from a sunbeam makes a cowslip fair,
Or spins a gown for daffodils to wear.

She pulls the cover from the crocus beds,
And bids the sleepers lift their drowsy heads.

Come, early risers! Come, anemone,
My pale wind flowers! cheerily calls she.

The world expects you, and your lovers wait
To give you welcome at spring's open gate.

She marshals the close armies of the grass,
And polishes their green blades as they pass.

And all the blossoms of the fruit trees sweet
Are piled in rosy shells about her feet.

Within the great alembic she distils
The dainty odor which each flower fills.

Nor does she err, and give to mignonette
The perfume which belongs to violet.

Nature does well whatever task she tries,
Because obedient. Here the secret lies.

What matter, then, that wild the March-winds blow?
Bear patiently her lingering frost and snow!

For all the sweet beginnings of the spring
Beneath her cold brown breast lie fluttering.

May Riley Smith

AN EASTER CANTICLE

In every trembling bud and bloom
That cleaves the earth, a flowery sword,
I see Thee come from out the tomb,
Thou risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings
Down lanes that make the heart rejoice
Yea, in the word the wood-thrush brings,
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup
To hold Thy morning's brimming wine;
Drink, O my soul, the wonder up —
Is it not Thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,
Hath roused to rapture the green grass;
Through sunlit mead and dew-drenched dell,
I see Him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes
The rushing streams and emerald hills;
His ancient trumpet softly shakes
The daffodils.

Thou art not dead! Thou art the whole
Of life that quickens in the sod;
Green April is Thy very soul,
Thou great Lord God.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

DAWN IN THE DESERT

WHEN the first opal presage of the morn
Quickened the east, the good Merwan arose,
And by his open tent door knelt and prayed.

Now in that pilgrim caravan was one
Whose heart was heavy with dumb doubts, whose eyes
Drew little balm from slumber. Up and down
Night-long he paced the avenues of sand
'Twixt tent and tent, and heard the jackals snarl,
The camels moan for water. This one came
On Merwan praying, and to him outcried —
(The tortured spirit bursting its sealed fount
As doth the brook on Damavend in spring) —
"How knowest thou that any Allah is?"
Swift from the sand did Merwan lift his face,
Flung toward the east an arm of knotted bronze,
And said, as upward shot a shaft of gold,
"*Dost need a torch to show to thee the dawn?*"
Then prayed again.

When on the desert's rim
In sudden awful splendor stood the sun,
Through all that caravan there was no knee
But bowed to Allah.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE ROSE OF STARS

WHEN Love, our great Immortal,
  Put on mortality,
And down from Eden's portal
  Brought this sweet life to be,
At the sublime archangel
  He laughed with veilèd eyes,
For he bore within his bosom
  The seed of Paradise.

He hid it in his bosom,
  And there such warmth it found,
It brake in bud and blossom,
  And the rose fell on the ground;
As the green light on the prairie,
  As the red light on the sea,
Through fragrant belts of summer
  Came this sweet life to be.

And the grave archangel seeing
Spread his mighty wings for flight,
But the glow hung round him fleeing
Like the rose of an Arctic night;
And sadly moving heavenward
By Venus and by Mars,
He heard the joyful planets
Hail Earth, the Rose of Stars.

GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

ROADSIDE FLOWERS

We are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds;
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
He makes His sun to rise,
And His rain to fall like pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us He has laid the duty —
The task of the wandering breed —
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason,
The Lord of the Garden knows.

Bliss Carman

SONNET

When we can all so excellently give
The measure of love's wisdom with a blow, —
Why can we not in turn receive it so,
And end this murmur for the life we live?
And when we do so frantically strive
To win strange faith, why do we shun to know
That in love's elemental over-glow
God's wholeness gleams with light superlative?

Oh, brother men, if you have eyes at all,
Look at a branch, a bird, a child, a rose, —
Or anything God ever made that grows, —
Nor let the smallest vision of it slip,
Till you can read, as on Belshazzar's wall,
The glory of eternal partnership!

Edwin Arlington Robinson

HEARTH-SONG

When November's night comes down
With a dark and sudden frown,
Like belated traveler chill
Hurrying o'er the tawny hill, —
    Higher, higher
Heap the pine-cones in a pyre!
Where 's a better friend than fire?

Song 's but solace for a day;
Wine 's a traitor not to trust;
Love 's a kiss and then away;
Time 's a peddler deals in dust.
    Higher, higher
Pile the driftwood in a pyre!
Where 's a firmer friend than fire?

Knowledge was but born to-night;
Wisdom 's to be born to-morrow;
One more log — and banish sorrow,
One more branch — the world is bright.
    Higher, higher
Crown with balsam-boughs the pyre!
Where 's an older friend than fire?

Robert Underwood Johnson

ROSA ROSARUM

Give me, O friend, the secret of thy heart
  Safe in my breast to hide,
So that the leagues which keep our lives apart
  May not our souls divide.

Give me the secret of thy life to lay
  Asleep within mine own,
Nor dream that it shall mock thee any day
  By any sign or tone.

Nay, as in walking through some convent-close,
  Passing beside a well,
Oft have we thrown a red and scented rose
  To watch it as it fell;

Knowing that never more the rose shall rise
  To shame us, being dead;
Watching it spin and dwindle till it lies
  At rest, a speck of red —

Thus, I beseech thee, down the silent deep
  And darkness of my heart,
Cast thou a rose; give me a rose to keep,
  My friend, before we part.

For, as thou passest down thy garden-ways,
  Full many a blossom there
Groweth for thee: lilies and laden bays,
  And rose and lavender.

But down the darkling well one only rose
  In all the year is shed;
And o'er that chill and secret wave it throws
  A sudden dawn of red.

A. Mary F. Robinson

AN OLD SONG

Low blowing winds from out a midnight sky,
  The falling embers and a kettle's croon —
These three, but oh, what sweeter lullaby
  Ever awoke beneath the winter's moon.

We know of none the sweeter, you and I,
  And oft we've heard together that old tune —
Low blowing winds from out a midnight sky,
  The falling embers and a kettle's croon.

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

THREE FLOWERS

I MADE a little song about the rose
And sang it for the rose to hear
Nor ever marked until the music's close
A lily that was listening near.

The red red rose flushed redder with delight,
And like a queen her head she raised;
The white lily blanched a paler white
For anger that she was not praised.

Turning, I left the rose unto her pride,
The lily to her enviousness,
And soon upon the grassy ground espied
A daisy all companionless.

Doubtless no flattered flower is this, I deemed,
And not so graciously it grew
As rose or lily; but methought it seemed
More thankful for the sun and dew.

Dear love, my sweet small flower that grew'st among
The grass, from all the flowers apart, —
Forgive me that I gave the rose my song
Ere Thou, the daisy, hadst my heart!

WILLIAM WATSON

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A FIRE-MIST and a planet, —
A crystal and a cell, —
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell:
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod, —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high, —
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod, —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in, —
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod, —
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty, —
  A mother starved for her brood, —
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
  And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
  The straight, hard pathway plod, —
Some call it Consecration,
  And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth

EVOLUTION

Out of the dark a shadow,
  Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
  Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
  Then, a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes,
  Life again.

John B. Tabb

A PRAYER

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load.

And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live, —
God make me worthy of my friends!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

OLD FRIENDSHIP STREET

Love led me to an unknown land and fain was I to go;
From peak to peak a weary way he lures me to and fro;
On narrow ledge and dizzy height he dares my wayworn feet —
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

It's there one knew the level road, the even grass-grown way;
My brain grew never wildered there, my feet might never stray;
But here I quarrel for the path with every soul I meet —
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

It's here I find no gracious hand to close within my own,
But there one never raised a song to find he sang alone;
And always at a neighbor's hearth were kindly glass and seat —
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

I'm sick of awful depths and heights, I'm sick of storm and strife;
I'll let Love lead for bolder folk and take my ease in life.
I know whose voice will hail me first, whose welcoming be sweet —
It's I am going back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

STANZAS FROM THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD

SING, for the others! Sing; to some pale cheek
Against the window, like a starving flower.
Loose, with your singing, one poor pilgrim hour
Of journey, with some Heart's Desire to seek.
Loose, with your singing, captives such as these
In misery and iron, hearts too meek,
For voyage — voyage over dreamful seas
To lost Hesperides.

Sing not for free-men. Ah, but sing for whom
The walls shut in; and even as eyes that fade,
The windows take no heed of light nor shade —
The leaves are lost in mutterings of the loom.
Sing near! So in that golden overflowing
They may forget their wasted human bloom;
Pay the devouring days their all, unknowing, —
Reck not of life's bright going!

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

LOVE OF LIFE

Love you not the tall trees spreading wide their branches,
Cooling with their green shade the sunny days of June?
Love you not the little bird lost among the leaflets,
Dreamily repeating a quaint, brief tune?

Is there not a joy in the waste windy places;
Is there not a song by the long dusty way?
Is there not a glory in the sudden hour of struggle?
Is there not a peace in the long quiet day?

Love you not the meadows with the deep lush grasses;
Love you not the cloud-flocks noiseless in their flight?
Love you not the cool wind that stirs to meet the sunrise;
Love you not the stillness of the warm summer night?

Have you never wept with a grief that slowly passes;
Have you never laughed when a joy goes running by?
Know you not the peace of rest that follows labor? —
You have not learnt to live then; how can you dare to die?

Tertius van Dyke

RENEWAL

April, when I heard
Your lyrical low word,
And when upon the hawthorn hedge your first white blossom
stirred,

Something strangely came —
Something I cannot name —
And touched my heart, and cleansed my soul with a reviving flame.

When the yellow gleam
Of your hosts that stream —
Jonquil, buttercup, and crocus — made the world a golden dream,

Something, April, said
To my heart that bled —
Bled with old remembrance — "Lo, the grief-strewn days are fled!"

Sursum corda! Now,
When blooms the apple-bough,
April, of your pity, let your light rain kiss my brow;

Heal me, if you will;
Bathe my heart until
I am one with your first primrose or the shining daffodil!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

TEWKSBURY ROAD

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,
Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither or why;
Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen cool rush of the air,
Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky.

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern at the brink
Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the foxgloves purple and white;
Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the brook to drink
When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on of the night.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of the birds.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE MAKING OF BIRDS

God made Him birds in a pleasant humour;
Tired of planets and suns was He.
He said: "I will add a glory to summer,
Gifts for my creatures banished from Me!"

He had a thought and it set Him smiling,
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin; He made the swallow;
His deft hands moulding the shape to His mood,
The thrush and lark and the finch to follow,
And laughed to see that His work was good.

He who has given men gift of laughter,
Made in His image; He fashioned fit
The blink of the owl and the stork thereafter,
The little wren and the long-tailed tit.

He spent in the making His wit and fancies;
The wing-feathers He fashioned them strong;
Deft and dear as daisies and pansies,
He crowned His work with the gift of song.

"Dearlings," He said, "make songs for My praises!"
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,
Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;
He taught them to build a nest to their mind.

The dear Lord God of His glories weary —
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy —
Made Him birds in a moment merry,
Bade them soar and sing for His joy.

KATHARINE TYNAN

BIRDS

SURE maybe ye've heard the storm-thrush
Whistlin' bould in March,
Before there's a primrose peepin' out,
Or a wee red cone on the larch;
Whistlin' the sun to come out o' the cloud,
An' the wind to come over the sea,
But for all he can whistle so clear an' loud,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've seen the song-thrush
After an April rain
Slip from in-undher the drippin' leaves,
Wishful to sing again;

An' low wi' love when he's near the nest,
An' loud from the top o' the tree,
But for all he can flutter the heart in your breast,
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the cushadoo
Callin' his mate in May,
When one sweet thought is the whole of his life,
An' he tells it the one sweet way.
But my heart is sore at the cushadoo
Filled wid his own soft glee,
Over an' over his "me an' you!"
He's never the bird for me.

Sure maybe ye've heard the red-breast
Singin' his lone on a thorn,
Mindin' himself o' the dear days lost,
Brave wid his heart forlorn.
The time is in dark November,
An' no spring hopes has he.
"Remember," he sings, "remember!"
Ay, *thon's* the wee bird for me.

MOIRA O'NEILL

THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it, and many a horse and cart;
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal;
But the Little Waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

Eva Gore-Booth

LIFE, A QUESTION?

Life? and worth living?
Yes, with each part of us —
Hurt of us, help of us, hope of us, heart of us,
Life is worth living.
Ah! with the whole of us,
Will of us, brain of us, senses and soul of us.

Is life worth living?
Aye, with the best of us,
Heights of us, depths of us, —
Life is the test of us!

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

PRAYER

GOD, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight — and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit —
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums —
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me; with stern and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE GREAT VOICE

I WHO have heard solemnities of sound —
The throbbing pulse of cities, the loud roar
Of ocean on sheer ledges of gaunt rock,
The chanting of innumerable winds
Around white peaks, the plunge of cataracts,
The whelm of avalanches, and, by night,
The thunder's panic breath — have come to know
What is earth's mightiest voice — the desert's voice —
Silence, that speaks with deafening tones of God.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

SWUNG TO THE VOID

ONCE, suddenly, I found myself alone,
Out in the void of a great city, filled
With tremblings and the cry of many fears.

Making escape out of the human deep,
I climbed heart-troubled to the leafy hills;
And stretching on a bank above a stream,
I gazed up to the dome of the high boughs,
And wondered over life and life's alarms.
And as I lay there asking for a sign,
I saw a spider flash his filmy ropes
Across the dome; saw him, with rapturous fall,
Drop on a silver cable to the void,
And hang serenely in the rosy beams
Of sunset — hang all still and unafraid.

And lo, a courage came upon my soul,
With long, long thoughts of this adventurer,
This little dweller in the floorless air,
Held in the peace that folds the earth and stars.

EDWIN MARKHAM

THE HUMAN TOUCH

HIGH thoughts and noble in all lands
  Help me; my soul is fed by such.
But ah, the touch of lips and hands, —
  The human touch!
Warm, vital, close, life's symbols dear, —
These need I most, and now, and here.

RICHARD BURTON

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

Henry van Dyke

THE MARCH OF MEN

If you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows and the tears,
And let the joys alone remain
From all departed years;
If you could quite forget the sighs
And recollect the song —

What think you: would you be as wise,
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head at whiles,
Shun everything that wears a frown,
And live a life of smiles —
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care —
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

Ah, no! a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road.
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human-kind.

CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once, while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

"I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die";
And after cried he, "God forgive!
My body spake, not I!"

He knelt, and leaning on the chair
He prayed and fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

"Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died,
While I slept on the chair";
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
"Father! you come again!"

"And is the poor man dead?" he cried.
"He died an hour ago."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.

"When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird."
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word.

"He who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

"He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

W. B. Yeats

HEROISM

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend —
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE COMFORT OF THE STARS

When I am overmatched by petty cares
And things of earth loom large, and look to be
Of moment, how it soothes and comforts me
To step into the night and feel the airs

Of heaven fan my cheek; and, best of all,
Gaze up into those all-uncharted seas
Where swim the stately planets: such as these
Make mortal fret seem light and temporal.

I muse on what of Life may stir among
Those spaces knowing naught of metes nor bars;
Undreamed-of dramas played in outmost stars,
And lyrics by archangels grandly sung.

I grow familiar with the solar runes
And comprehend of worlds the mystic birth:
Ringed Saturn, Mars, whose fashion apes the earth,
And Jupiter, the giant, with his moons.

Then, dizzy with the unspeakable sights above,
  Rebuked by Vast on Vast, my puny heart
  Is greatened for its transitory part,
My trouble merged in wonder and in love.

RICHARD BURTON

DAY

THERE is your day.
    Up! Away!

The still, untroubled forest stirs.
The doves' nests in the deep black firs
Move and pulse and beat;
Quivers of leaves, like heat,
Run down the birches' boughs;
One steady wind-blade ploughs
A furrow in the lake;
The small wild roses take
Sudden warm blushes; all the sky
Grows into blue. — O Sun, come by!
  The forest breathes and waits:
  Birds call their mates:
  White flowers shake on stems:
  Lake ripples gleam like gems:
  The morning star is near to die: —
    Sun! Come by!

You, sleepy-eyed, leap up; let slip
Warm dreams, and make your lashes drip
With quick cold water. Eat, and pray
Before the sun, and laugh, and say
"God's joy be with my world to-day!"

There is your day.
Up! Away!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

HILLS

I NEVER loved your plains! —
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleached alleys.

I want my hills! — the trail
That scorns the hollow. —
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream —
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me,

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming —
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

IN SERVICE

LITTLE Nellie Cassidy has got a place in town,
She wears a fine white apron,
She wears a new black gown,
An' the quarest little cap at all with straymers hanging down.

I met her one fine evening stravagin' down the street,
A feathered hat upon her head,
And boots upon her feet.
"Och, Mick," says she, "may God be praised that you and I should meet.

"It's lonesome in the city with such a crowd," says she;
"I'm lost without the bog-land,
I'm lost without the sea,
An' the harbor an' the fishing-boats that sail out fine and free.

"I'd give a golden guinea to stand upon the shore,
To see the big waves lepping,
To hear them splash and roar,
To smell the tar and the drying nets, I'd not be asking more.

"To see the small white houses, their faces to the sea,
The childher in the doorway,
Or round my mother's knee;
For I'm strange and lonesome missing them, God keep them all," says she.

Little Nellie Cassidy earns fourteen pounds and more,
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door —
But her heart is some place far away upon the Wexford shore.

W. M. Letts

THE WIFE

The little Dreams of Maidenhood —
I put them all away
As tenderly as mother would
The toys of yesterday.

When little children grow to men
Too over-wise for play.

The little dreams I put aside —
I loved them every one,
And yet since moon-blown buds must hide
Before the noon-day sun,
I close them wistfully away
And give the key to none.

O little Dreams of Maidenhood —
Lie quietly, nor care
If some day in an idle mood
I, searching unaware
Through some closed corner of my heart,
Should laugh to find you there.

THEODOSIA GARRISON

SEVEN YEARS

SEVEN years have flown like seven days,
Like seven days of shining weather,
Since we, forsaking single ways,
Trod earth and faced the skies together.
The old is new, the new is old,
And who shall reckon, one or seven,
The years that Time has never told?
He numbers not the days of Heaven.

LAURENCE BINYON

MY ROSARY

The nun within the convent walls
Kneels in her narrow cell to pray;
Her blessèd beads she telleth o'er, —
A prayer for each at close of day.
I, too, must pray; but, ah! for me
There is a different rosary.

I keep it close about my heart, —
Not precious stone or carvèd bead
Linked each to each, — not such a one
Demands of me my simple creed;
But, for each bead, in place I see
A dear loved face — my rosary.

Dear faces carved in loving thought:
When each still night I kneel to pray,
Or when my heart, all silently,
Murmurs its prayers throughout the day,
I tell my beads, and ask that He
Bless each one in my rosary.

Kate Whiting Patch

ONE YEAR OLD

Is it we that are wise, is it we,
Who have bought with a price of grief
A wisdom seldom free
From scorn or disbelief,
Who find this world fulfil
An end that is not our will,
Who toil with light in our eyes
Showing us scarce begun
The things we meant to have done;
Is it we, is it we, that are wise?

Or O, is it you, is it you,
That have yet no language of ours,
But whose eyes are a laughter blue
As of light slipping under the showers,
Whose carol, sweeter than words,
Trills clear as an April bird's,
Or a dancing brook on the hill, —
Blithe springs of a confidence
That bubbles, we know not whence,
And has no knowledge of ill?

Lo, our desires have gone
Like ships to a future far

And vanished in mist alone
By no befriending star.
But all to you is a wonder
Fresh as the sky, whereunder
Life moves to pledge delight;
You need no hope to bear
The day through the day's care;
Your joys are all in sight.

You want not a word to tell
What lies beyond our guess
And springs like a sparkling well
In lovely speechlessness.
And we that have shaped with art
Language of mind and of mart,
We have never yet found speech
For the heart's blood deepest stirred:
Something is flown with a word
Or is buried beneath our reach.

Our speech is spun from the pain
Of thought and heavy with years,
And dyed with an ancient stain
From passion and blood and tears.
But O, I vow, when I hear
Your wordless carol clear,

I would cast this speech that endures
As a sorry old patchwork coat,
Could I but re-fill my throat
With the liquid joy in yours.

LAURENCE BINYON

LIE-AWAKE SONGS

I

OFTEN when awake I lie
Listening to the clocks go round
Hours and hours, I wonder why
My brother sleeps so sound.

II

The city is so kind to me;
It stays awake for company —
It never sleeps at all.
Its lamps are always burning bright
From when my mother says good-night
Until the milkmen call.
The street is always full of wheels,
Horse-carriages and aut'mobiles —
The whole night long they pass,
Carrying home to marble halls
Princesses that have been to balls
In little shoes of glass.

Then there's the dog across the way —
He must be dreaming of the day
Or barking at a kitty —
And people talking as they go. . . .
I often wonder do they know
That I'm awake and like them so,
Or is it just — the City?

III

God has a house three streets away,
And every Sunday, rain or shine,
My nurse goes there her prayers to say.
She's told me of the candles fine
That burning all night long they keep
Because God never goes to sleep.
Then there's a steeple full of bells;
All through the dark the time it tells.
I like to hear it in the night
And think about those candles bright.
I wonder if God stays awake
For kindness, like the furnace-man
Who comes before it's day, to make
Our house as pleasant as he can.
I like to watch the sky grow blue
And think perhaps the whole world through
No one's awake but just us three, —
God and the furnace-man and me.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

SONG

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

William Watson

RAIN REVERY

In the lone of night by the pattering tree
I sat alone with Poetry —
With Poetry, my old shy friend,
And his tenuous shadow seemed to blend —
Beyond the lampshine on the sill —
With the mammoth shadow of the hill,
And his breath fell soft on the pool-dark pane
With the murmurous, murmuring muffled hoof
Of the rain, the rain,
The rain on the roof.

In the vast of night and its vacancy
I prayed aloud to Poetry,
And his luminous eyes grew large and dim
As my heart-pulse quickened to question him;
For out of that rumbling rhymeless rune
He only might know, by a sense atune,
To unravel the anguish, and render vain
The remorseless will that wove the woof
Of the rain, the rain,
The rain on the roof.

So I cried: "What mute conspiracy
Have you made with the night, O Poetry?
Lover and friend of my warm doorway,
Do you crouch there too on the storm-soaked clay?
Did you creep indoors when that gust of damp
Raised the dead moon-moths round my lamp
And the wan flame guttered? — Hark, again!
Do *you* ride there — so close, so aloof —
With the rain, the rain,
The rain on the roof?

"Ah, what of the rapture and melody
We might have wrought, dear Poetry!
Imagined tower and dream-built shrine,
Must they crumble in dark like this pale lampshine?
Our dawn-flecked meadows lyric-shrill,
Shall they lie as dumb as the gloom-drenched hill?

Our song-voiced lovers! — Shall none remain?" —
Under the galloping, gusty hoof
Answered the rain, rain,
Rain on the roof.

PERCY MACKAYE

THERE IS PANSIES

TAKE these memories sweet-scented,
Gathered while the morning dew
Drenched the silver of the cobwebs,
Heartsease, picked at dawn for you.

Yellow for the days of sunshine,
White for days of peace and rest,
Purple ones for feasts and high days,
Wine-red for the days love blessed.

For myself, I keep the black ones,
Memories of grief and pain,
Keep them hidden lest their shadow
Fall across your heart again.

MILDRED HOWELLS

ON ARRANGING A BOWL OF VIOLETS

I DIP my hands in April among your faces tender,
O woven of blue air and ecstasies of light!
Breathed words of the Earth-Mother, although it is November,
You wing my soul with memories adorable and white.
I hear you call each other:
"Ah, Sweet, do you remember
The garden that we haunted — its spaces of delight?
The sound of running water — the day's long lapse of splendor,
The winds that begged our fragrance and loved us in the night?"

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A MAY MADRIGAL

SWEETHEART, the buds are on the tree,
The birds are back once more,
And with their songs they call to me
To open wide my door:
So wide shall stand the door to-day
Because my heart is true
To bud and bird, to mirth and May,
And, most of all, to You.

Sweetheart, the leaves begin to show,
The grass is green again,
And on the breeze sweet odors blow
From wild flowers in the glen:

The world is glad with voice and wing,
And all the skies are blue;
The scent, the song, the soul of Spring,
I find them all in You!

Sweetheart, the snows have gone, and now
It is the mating time.
Hark to the lover on the bough,
What melody sublime!
What ecstasy of passion, pride,
And love and rapture, too!
So door and heart stand open wide
To welcome May and You!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

NASTURTIUMS

ADOWN the stone-wall in the summer days,
The dear nasturtiums trail their tangled vines.
Their petals orange are, as are the wines
Of the warm south; or crimson, as the blaze
That fires the dawn; or golden, like the haze
When sunset colors burn; or, veined with lines
Of twilight purple, their quick scarlet shines;
And all are flecked and dashed with browns and grays.

And when the autumn comes, and the frost nips
The pansy, sweet-pea, rose, and other flowers,

Touching the aster to a quivered fear —
These blossom-children whisper with brave lips:
"We scorn the chill of the September hours!
Even October finds us happy here!"

ALANSON TUCKER SCHUMANN

"FROST TO-NIGHT"

APPLE-GREEN west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star . . .
And "Child, take the shears and cut what you will.
Frost to-night — so clear and dead-still."

Then, I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied, —
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till to-night!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
And I gathered them all, — the splendid throng,
And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost to-night — so clear and dead-still . . ."
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

EDITH M. THOMAS

YOU, FOUR WALLS, WALL NOT IN MY HEART!

You, Four Walls,
  Wall not in my heart!
When the lovely night-time falls
  All so welcomely,
Blinding, sweet hearth-fire,
Light of heart's desire,
  Blind not, blind not me!
Unto them that weep apart, —
While you glow, within,
Wreckt, despairing kin, —
  Dark with misery:
— Do not blind my heart!

You, close Heart!
  Never hide from mine
  Worlds that I divine
Through thy human dearness.
O belovèd Nearness,
  Hallow all I understand
  With thy hand-in-hand; —
All the lights I seek,
With thy cheek-to-cheek;
  All the loveliness I loved apart.

  You, heart's Home! —
  Wall not in my heart.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

AWAKE, MY HEART, TO BE LOVED, AWAKE, AWAKE!

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her, — if this could be, —
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo all things wake and tarry and look for thee:
She looketh and saith, "O sun, now bring him to me.
Come more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!"

Robert Bridges

You must mean more than just this hour,
You perfect thing so subtly fair,
Simple and complex as a flower,
Wrought with such planetary care;
How patient the eternal power
That wove the marvel of your hair.

How long the sunlight and the sea
Wove and re-wove this rippling gold
To rhythms of eternity;
And many a flashing thing grew old,
Waiting this miracle to be;
And painted marvels manifold,

Still with his work unsatisfied,
Eager each new effect to try,
The solemn artist cast aside,
Rainbow and shell and butterfly,
As some stern blacksmith scatters wide
The sparks that from his anvil fly.

How many shells, whorl within whorl,
Litter the marges of the sphere
With wrack of unregarded pearl,
To shape that little thing your ear:
Creation, just to make one girl,
Hath travailed with exceeding fear.

The moonlight of forgotten seas
Dwells in your eyes, and on your tongue
The honey of a million bees,
And all the sorrows of all song:
You are the ending of all these,
The world grew old to make you young.

All time hath travelled to this rose;
To the strange making of this face
Came agonies of fires and snows;
And Death and April, nights and days
Unnumbered, unimagined throes,
Find in this flower their meeting place.

Strange artist, to my aching thought
Give answer: all the patient power
That to this perfect ending wrought,
Shall it mean nothing but an hour?
Say not that it is all for nought
Time brings Eternity a flower.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE VIOLIN

SOMETIMES the violin seems to me
A type of what the soul must be

When it has put aside the bark
And come from out the friendly dark

Where wayward forest breezes run —
To lie and mellow in the sun.

The master with unerring hand
Prepares it for the spirit-land.

But ever, as the seasons roll
Their roundelay through branch and bole, —

What though its voice has come to be
The voice of immortality? —

The old, old spirit stirs within
The nature of the violin.

And so, as if some dear, dead friend
A word to those behind might send,

It speaks to common human ears
Of morning blessings, evening tears;

And runs, with more than mortal art,
The gamut of the human heart.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

THE VESTURE OF THE SOUL

I PITIED one whose tattered dress
Was patched, and stained with dust and rain;
He smiled on me; I could not guess
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, "The royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light:
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

"The breath of Joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it."

A. E.

SOMETIMES

ACROSS the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play —
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

A SONG

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
  There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
  And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair,
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
  There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow, and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sear;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair,

There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

ON A GLOOMY EASTER

I HEAR the robins singing in the rain.
The longed-for Spring is hushed so drearily
That hungry lips cry often wearily,
"Oh, if the blessed sun would shine again!"

I hear the robins singing in the rain.
The misty world lies waiting for the dawn;
The wind sobs at my window and is gone,
And in the silence come old throbs of pain.

But still the robins sing on in the rain,
Not waiting for the morning sun to break,
Nor listening for the violets to wake,
Nor fearing lest the snow may fall again.

My heart sings with the robins in the rain,
For I remember it is Easter morn,
And life and love and peace are all new born,
And joy has triumphed over loss and pain.

Sing on, brave robins, sing on in the rain!
You know behind the clouds the sun must shine,
You know that death means only life divine
And all our losses turn to heavenly gain.

I lie and listen to you in the rain.
Better than Easter bells that do not cease,
Your message from the heart of God's great peace,
And to his arms I turn and sleep again.

ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

KINSHIP

I AM aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care —
Human and simple my lot and my share —
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
Forces terrific, with melody shod,
Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.

Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air —
I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair —
Human and simple my lot and my share —
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing,
I am aware of a marvelous thing.
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

ANGELA MORGAN

THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

The little Road says, Go,
The little House says, Stay:
And O, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

THE MAGIC PURSE

What is the gold of mortal-kind
To that men find
Deep in the poet's mind! —
That magic purse
Of Dreams from which
God builds His universe.
That makes life rich
With many a vision;
Taking the soul from out its prison
Of facts with the precision
A wildflower dons
When Spring comes knocking at the door
Of Earth across the windy lawns;
Calling to Joy to rise and dance before
Her happy feet:
Or with the beat
And bright exactness of a star,
Hanging its punctual point afar,
When Night comes tripping over Heaven's floor,
Leaving a gate ajar.
That leads the Heart from all its aching
Far above where day is breaking;
Out of the doubts, the agonies,
The strife and sin, to join with these —

Hope and Beauty and Joy that build
Their golden walls
Of sunset where, with spirits filled,
A Presence calls,
And points a land
Where Love walks, silent; hand in hand
With the Spirit of God, and leads Man right
Out of the darkness into the light.

MADISON CAWEIN

HAMMER AND ANVIL

"Hammer away, ye hostile hands;
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

LOOK forth and tell me what they do
On Life's broad field. Oh, still they fight,
The False forever with the True,
The Wrong forever with the Right.
And still God's faithful ones, as men
Who hold a fortress strong and high,
Cry out in confidence again,
And find a comfort in the cry:
"Hammer away, ye hostile hands,
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

Older than pyramid or sphinx,
Old as the stars themselves, the word

Whereby, when other courage sinks,
The courage born of heaven is stirred.
For, when God made the world and knew
That good and evil could not blend,
He planned, however men might do,
What should be, would be in the end.
And, though as thick as ocean sands
They rain their blows, the anvil stands.

Oh, many a time has this vain world
Essayed to thwart the mighty plan;
Its fleets and armies have been hurled
Against the common rights of man.
But wrecked Armadas, Waterloos,
Empires abandoned to decay,
Proclaim the truth they did not choose —
What broken hammers strew the way!
Though all the world together bands
To smite it, still the anvil stands.

Thou knowest that thy cause is just?
Then rest in that; thy cause is sure.
Thy word is true? Oh, then it must,
In spite of slanderous tongues endure.
As toward the crag the billow rides,
Then falls back, shattered, to its place:

As fans the breeze the mountain sides,
Nor fans the mountain from its base, —
So, in all times and in all lands,
Men's hammers break, God's anvil stands.

SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

TO THE IDEAL

'T is a long lane that has no turning. True.
How long the lane that somewhere turns to you!

Between the hedge of hopes, the hedge of fears,
My feet have walked for more than twenty years,

But still the road runs straight, and still I see
Its narrowing line grow small in front of me.

Sometimes I meet a pilgrim coming back
With craven heart along the noble track.

I never ask how far ahead he quailed;
For he and I grew foemen when he failed.

Onward I move, with this to cheer my mind:
No one as yet has passed me from behind.

I must not sit beside a lulling stream
Unless it flows toward my dearest dream.

I must not wince, when going past the farms,
If Colin hold his milkmaid in his arms.

The perfect eyes are those that cannot shine
Their best till fed confusedly by mine.

Suppose I live three heartbeats in their sight
Before they melt to light concealed by light;

Shall those not seem three ages of desire
So paid as Love can never pay with fire?

'T is a long lane that has no turning. True.
How long the lane that somewhere turns to you!

NORMAN GALE

THE BIRTH OF PIERROT

WAS it a bird that sang? — Was it the plash
Of silvery water — that awakened me? —
It seemed that at the dark wood's edge, some flash
Of moonlight set my soul from prison free;
And all the grim primeval memories
Of cruel strife, of loveless hearts that groped,
In caves and gloom, shook off some long disease
And, springing forth, my heart took flower, and hoped.

Now down the world I run — a fugitive,
Tapping in snows upon your window-pane,
Or laughing in the sunlit showers, that give
The April blossoms to the hills again.
I am half faun, half angel, butterfly! —
The lover sees me flitting o'er the hill —
Ah! well he knows it is no flower — but I,
Pierrot — the springtime with its thrill!
She at her casement leaning hears my song
A-whisper down the trellis, rose to rose:
I am the moonbeam there that lingers long
To light his face in dreams to her repose.
Yea — I am all the wit, and laughter faint
Of all the world! — the gleam of life and art —
Prince Fantasy — the sinner, and the saint —
The child-philosopher in every heart!
Passing, I yet remain in memory
So all I touch again grows glad and young;
My blossom-wand I wave — again shall be
The dance of youths and maids, and music sung!

THOMAS WALSH

SONGS FOR FRAGOLETTA

I

Fragoletta, blessed one,
What think you of the light of the sun?
Do you think the dark was best,
Lying snug in mother's breast?
Ah! I knew that sweetness, too,
Fragoletta, before you!
But, Fragoletta, now you're born,
You must learn to love the morn,
Love the lovely working light,
Love the miracle of sight,
Love the thousand things to do —
Little girl, I envy you! —
Love the thousand things to see,
Love your mother, and — love me!
And some night, Fragoletta, soon,
I'll take you out to see the moon;
And for the first time, child of ours,
You shall — think of it! — look on flowers,
And smell them, too, if you are good,
And hear the green leaves in the wood
Talking, talking, all together
In the happy windy weather;
And if the journey's not too far
For little limbs so lately made,

Limb upon limb like petals laid,
We'll go and picnic in a star.

II

Blue eyes looking up at me,
I wonder what you really see,
Lying in your cradle there,
Fragrant as a branch of myrrh.
Helpless little hands and feet,
O so helpless! O so sweet!
Tiny tongue that cannot talk,
Tiny feet that cannot walk,
Nothing of you that can do
Aught, except those eyes of blue.
How they open, how they close!
Eyelids of the baby-rose,
Open and shut, so blue, so wise,
Baby-eyelids, baby-eyes.

III

That, Fragoletta, is the rain
Beating upon the window-pane;
But lo! the golden sun appears,
To kiss away the window's tears.
That, Fragoletta, is the wind
That rattles so the window-blind;

And yonder shining thing's a star,
Blue eyes, — you seem ten times as far.
That, Fragoletta, is a bird
That speaks, yet never says a word;
Upon a cherry-tree it sings,
Simple as all mysterious things;
Its little life to peck and pipe
As long as cherries ripe and ripe,
And minister unto the need
Of baby-birds that feed and feed.
This, Fragoletta, is a flower,
Open and fragrant for an hour,
A flower, a transitory thing,
Each petal fleeting as a wing,
All a May morning blows and blows,
And then for everlasting goes.

IV

Blue eyes, against the whiteness pressed
Of little mother's hallowed breast,
The while your trembling lips are fed,
Look up at mother's bended head,
All benediction over you —
O blue eyes looking into blue!
Fragoletta is so small,
We wonder that she lives at all —

Tiny alabaster girl,
Hardly bigger than a pearl;
That is why we take such care,
Lest someone runs away with her.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

SONG FROM GITANJALI

WHERE the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
Where knowledge is free;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
Where words come out from the depth of truth;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action —
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

FIRST SIGHT

I WAS born again to-day!
I was fashioned new!
Now my heart is fresh with May
Virginal as dew!

What it was I cannot tell.
Something on my eyes
Exquisitely breathed and fell
And I grew more wise.

Goldenly it breathed and kissed
Now the world is plain —
All the glories I had missed
In shine and air and rain.

Just a little while before
It was all disguised.
Now the earth seems so much more
That I am surprised.

I could touch and hold and kiss
Everything I see!
Say then, was it always this,
Waiting just for me?

Oh, to think that yesterday
  It was shining so
Yet my poor heart could delay
  And my eyes said no!

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

THE AIM

I SHALL walk freely yet
  Who am beset
With burrs, and brambles clinging,
  And flowers on either hand
  Where I stand
Which I pluck, singing,
  And my steep road forget.

I shall not roam, nor stay,
  Nor weep, nor play
Though beckon tears and laughter.
  Dreams and desires may ride
  Far and wide,
And bid me follow after,
  But I shall go my way.

The little loves that bind
  I shall leave behind,

Careless of hate or pleading,
No hand shall stay my feet,
However sweet.
I must go on still speeding
My highest height to find.

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

VOICES

ALL day with anxious heart and wondering ear
I listened to the city; heard the ground
Echo with human thunder, and the sound
Go reeling down the streets and disappear.
The headlong hours, in their wild career,
Shouted and sang until the world was drowned
With babel-voices, each one more profound. . . .
All day it surged — but nothing could I hear.

That night the country never seemed so still;
The trees and grasses spoke without a word
To stars that brushed them with their silver wings.
Together with the moon I climbed the hill,
And, in the very heart of Silence, heard
The speech and music of immortal things.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

A GREETING

Good-morning, Life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.
My pockets nothing hold,
But he that owns the gold,
The Sun, is my great friend —
His spending has no end.

Hail to the morning sky,
Which bright clouds measure high;
Hail to you birds whose throats
Would number leaves by notes;
Hail to you shady bowers,
And you green fields of flowers.

Hail to you women fair,
That make a show so rare
In cloth as white as milk —
Be't calico or silk;
Good-morning, Life — and all
Things glad and beautiful.

William H. Davies

"WE YET CAN TRIUMPH"

We yet can triumph. We have tried and fail'd
And tried again and fail'd again and tried.
Many a time I've wish'd that I had died
Before I saw the light. But though I quail'd,
Yet have I stubbornly my fate assail'd
With dazed determination, dignified
With prayer and gratitude, and always cried
Thy will be done, O God! And God prevail'd.
We cannot always choose: it were not best:
God knows; and if we trust all will be well.
I pray it with shut eyes and open mind:
I want, be it with all my soul attest,
Nothing that will not ultimately tell
To the eternal good of all mankind!

Paul Shivell

A ROAD SONG

It's — Oh, for the hills, where the wind's some one
With a vagabond foot that follows!
And a cheer-up hand that he claps upon
Your arm with the hearty words, "Come on!
We'll soon be out of the hollows,
My heart!
We'll soon be out of the hollows!"

It's — Oh, for the songs, where the hope's some one
With a renegade foot that doubles!
And a jolly lilt that he flings to the sun
As he turns with the friendly laugh, "Come on!
We'll soon be out of the troubles,
My heart!
We'll soon be out of the troubles."

MADISON CAWEIN

BEHIND THE CLOSED EYE

I WALK the old frequented ways
That wind around the tangled braes,
I live again the sunny days
Ere I the city knew.

And scenes of old again are born,
The woodbine lassoing the thorn,
And drooping Ruth-like in the corn
The poppies weep the dew.

Above me in their hundred schools
The magpies bend their young to rules,
And like an apron full of jewels
The dewy cobweb swings.

And frisking in the stream below
The troutlets make the circles flow,
And the hungry crane doth watch them grow
As a smoker does his rings.

Above me smokes the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within.

And wondrous impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street
Like the piper of Hamelin.

I hear him, and I feel the lure
Drawing me back to the homely moor,
I'll go and close the mountain's door
On the city's strife and din.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

TREES

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

JOYCE KILMER

TO A PHŒBE-BIRD

UNDER the eaves, out of the wet,
You nest within my reach;
You never sing for me and yet
You have a golden speech.

You sit and quirk a rapid tail,
Wrinkle a ragged crest,
Then pirouette from tree to rail
And vault from rail to nest.

And when in frequent, witty fright
You grayly slip and fade,
And when at hand you re-alight
Demure and unafraid,

And when you bring your brood its fill
  Of iridescent wings
And green legs dewy in your bill,
  Your silence is what sings.

Not of a feather that enjoys
  To prate or praise or preach,
O Phœbe, with your lack of noise,
  What eloquence you teach!

WITTER BYNNER

DISCOVERY

OUT of the Eden of my love,
  The little house so lean and spent,
The little room where, like a dove,
Under the rafters lives my love,
  Back to the bustling world I went.

I wandered down the dusty street,
  Men jostled there and wept and swore,
But in the throbbing and the beat,
The Babel of the feverish street,
  Was something that was not before.

Deep into each pale, passing face
  I gazed in wonder. What strange gleam

Had in this gray and sordid place
Clothed as with glory each pale face,
And lit dim eyes with dream?

Like an explorer, midst those eyes,
By unimagined deeps I trod;
And, lo! where yesterday were lies
And lusts in those world-hardened eyes,
I saw the stars of God.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

LOVE AND INFINITY

ACROSS the kindling twilight moon
A late gull wings to rest.
The sea is murmuring underneath
Its vast eternal quest.
The coast-light flashes o'er the tide
A red and warning eye,
And oh the world is very wide,
But you are nigh!

The stars come out from zone to zone,
The wind knows every one
And blows their message to my heart,
As it has ever done.

"They are all God's," it tells me, "all,
However huge or high."
But ah I could not trust its call —
Were you not by!

CALE YOUNG RICE

THE VISION

YOU are the vision, you are the image of the dream,
The voice among the stars, the silence in the stream;
A breath of the infinite poise, where space and time are spun,
And the circling orbits wheel their planets round the sun.
Beyond the outer margin where nothing calls to God
Leaps the fiery symbol to bloom where your feet have trod;
Here is the earth resurgent with color and bloom of Spring,
Glorying the dream and the vision in the song you bring.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

OLD SIGHT

THOU never more shalt see so clear
As formerly the things a-near,
As when thy two round hills of sight
Caught all there was of heaven's light.

In youth thine eye, so true, so keen,
One leaf among its brethren green,
Keeping its dance upon the tree,
It was thy pure delight to see.

One blade of grass would catch thine eye,
One rose, 'mid roses climbing high.
Now, know them lovely in the mass,
But singly let them blend and pass.

Thine eyes are old, and they are tired;
No longer be of them required
The labor they were wont to do:
Ease them, as servants tried and true.

Still shall they serve, if thou art wise,
With longer span of earth and skies;
But know, all little things that be,
All trivial lines, must fade from thee.

And if the face of thine own friend
In the dense human stream shall blend,
Thine oldened sight, like arrow fine,
Pierces some farther, heavenly sign!

And dimmer still, in life's decline,
Things near thy vision shall divine;
But there shall be no veil, no bar,
Between thine eyes and things afar!

EDITH M. THOMAS

MY YOUTH

My youth was my old age,
  Weary and long;
It had too many cares
  To think of song;
My moulting days all came
  When I was young.

Now, in life's prime, my soul
  Comes out in flower;
Late, as with Robin, comes
  My singing power;
I was not born to joy
  Till this late hour.

William H. Davies

A CATCH FOR SINGING

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Alack, and well-a-day!"
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
" The world is growing grey."
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
" The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Both flower and fruit decay."
Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"The cherry-tree's in flourish!"

Said the Old Young Man to the Young Old Man:
"Alack, and well-a-day!
The world is growing grey:
And flower and fruit decay.
Beware Old Man, beware Old Man!
For the end of life is nearing;
And the grave yawns by the way . . ."

Said the Young Old Man to the Old Young Man:
"I'm a trifle hard of hearing;
And can't catch a word you say . . .
But the cherry-tree's in flourish!"

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

WHOSE LITTLE GIRL?

WHOSE little girl did I used to be
Before I was yours at all?
When you had n't been introduced to me, —
When I was as small as small?

When I was a little tiny thing, —
Before I could speak or cry,
Before the stork thought I was ready to bring, —
Whose little girl was I?

ETHEL M. KELLEY

IN THE BATH

How do the fishes know how to steer
When they're swimming around in the sea?
Why could n't I have a nice fish here
To swim in the bath with me?
Why do my feet go up, do you s'pose,
While my head goes bobbing about —
Why don't *I* go where the water goes
When the stopper is taken out?

ETHEL M. KELLEY

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay —
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all —
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow — ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so —
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ings dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere —
Leetle Bateese!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

MADELINE

I ALMOST heard your little heart
Begin to beat, and since that hour
Your life has grown apace and blossomed,
Fed by the same miraculous power,

That moved the rivulet of your life,
And made your heart begin to beat.
Now all day your steps are a-patter.
Oh, what swift and musical feet!

You sleep. I wait to see you wake,
With wonder-eyes and hands that reach.
I laugh to hear your thoughts that gather
Too fast on your budding lips for speech.

Your sunny hair is cut as if
'T were trimmed around a yellow crock.
How gay the ribbon, and oh, how cunning
The flaring skirt of the little frock!

You build and play and search and pry,
And hunt for dolls and forgotten toys.
Why do you never tire of playing,
Or cease from mischief, or cease from noise?

You will not sleep? You are tired of the house?
You are just as naughty as you can be.
Madeline, Madeline, come to the garden,
And play with Marcia under the tree!

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

CHROMATICS

To trust for knowledge or awakening
  Would be the laggard's or the fool's excuse.
The manifest of each created thing
  Is our inheritance for power and use.

Corn-fields and crowns are not for him who stands
And gazes with lack-lustre eyes a-wide,
But unto him whose vigorous soul commands
The panoplies of nations to his side.

The blades of grass we trample under foot
Plead for our recognition of their power,
And stars so small their light we scarcely note,
Count out unerringly the circling hour.

Wondrous the music of long summer eves,
When silences are vibrant 'neath the moon, —
Sentience of insect-life, whispering of sheaves
And swaying measures of the south-wind's croon.

These wait the grand, creative ecstasies
Of him, whose soul with nature-love infraught,
Can hold the harmony of chords and symphonies
Within the silken power of his thought.

What joy to capture song from sound and send
It throbbing through the hearts of men, or steal
The seven secrets of the prism, to blend
The master-schemes of color they conceal.

Clear are gradations of the rain-drops' fall,
Beat of the surges, wail of winter-wind;
Yet only listening ears may hear the call
Of grand chromatics in a theme to bind.

There is so much within our easy grasp
  For minds to know, in radius of our eyes,
We only have to stretch our hands to clasp
  The "Open Sesame" to a Paradise!

EMILY SELINGER

EEN NAPOLI

HERE een Noo Yorka, where am I
  Seence I am landa las' July,
All gray an' ogly ees da sky,
  An' cold as eet can be.
But steell so long as I maka mon',
So long ees worka to be done,
I can forgat how shines da sun
  Een Napoli.

But oh, w'en pass da boy dat sal
Da violets, an' I can smal
How sweet dey are, I no can tal
  How seeck my heart ees be.
I no can work, how mooch I try,
But only seet an' wondra why
I could not justa leeve an' die
  Een Napoli.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE DALY

THE FIELDS O' BALLYCLARE

I've known the Spring in England —
And, oh, 't is pleasant there
When all the buds are breaking
And all the land is fair!
But all the time the heart of me,
The better, sweeter part of me,
Was sobbin' for the robin
In the fields o' Ballyclare!

I've known the Spring in England —
And, oh, 't is England's fair!
With Springtime in her beauty,
A queen beyond compare!
But all the while the soul of me,
Beyond the poor control of me,
Was sighin' to be flyin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

I've known the Spring in England —
And now I know it here;
This many a month I've longed for
The openin' of the year.
But, ah, the Irish mind of me
(I hope 't is not unkind of me)
Is turnin' back with yearnin'
To the fields o' Ballyclare!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

LAVENDER

Lavender, lavender,
That makes your linen sweet;
The hawker brings his basket,
Down the sooty street:
The dirty doors and pavements
Are simmering in the heat:
He brings a dream to London,
And drags his weary feet.

Lavender, lavender,
From where the bee hums,
To the loud roar of London,
With purple dreams he comes,
From ragged lanes of wild-flowers
To ragged London slums,
With a basket full of lavender
And purple dreams he comes.

Is it nought to you that hear him?
With the old strange cry
The weary hawker passes,
And some will come and buy,
And some will let him pass away
And only heave a sigh,
But 'most will neither heed nor hear
When dreams go by.

Lavender, lavender!
His songs were fair and sweet,
He brought us harvests out of heaven,
Full sheaves of radiant wheat;
He brought us keys to Paradise,
And hawked them thro' the street;
He brought his dreams to London,
And dragged his weary feet.

Lavender, lavender!
He is gone. The sunset glows;
But through the brain of London
The mystic fragrance flows.
Each foggy cell remembers,
Each ragged alley knows,
The land he left behind him,
The land to which he goes.

ALFRED NOYES

THE IMMORTAL

SPRING has come up from the South again,
With soft mists in her hair,
And a warm wind in her mouth again,
And budding everywhere.

Spring has come up from the South again,
And her skies are azure fire,
And around her is the awakening
Of all the world's desire.

Spring has come up from the South again,
And dreams are in her eyes,
And music is in her mouth again
Of love, the never-wise.
Spring has come up from the South again,
And bird and flower and bee
Know that she is their life and joy —
And immortality!

CALE YOUNG RICE

MORNING GLORIES

THEY swing from the garden-trellis
In Ariel-airy ease;
And their aromatic honey
Is sought by the earliest bees.

The rose, it knows their secret,
And the jessamine also knows:
And the rose told me the story
That the jessamine told the rose.

And the jessamine said: At midnight,
Ere the red cock woke and crew,

The fays of Queen Titania
Came here to bathe in the dew.

And the yellow moonlight glistened
On braids of elfin hair;
And fairy feet on the flowers
Fell softer than any air.

And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,
They hung up, every one,
On the morning-glory's tendrils,
Till their moonlight bath was done.

But the red cock crew too early,
And the fairies fled in fear,
Leaving their petticoats, purple and pink, —
Like blossoms hanging here.

MADISON CAWEIN

DUSK

DUSK wraps the village in its dim caress;
Each chimney's vapour, like a thin gray rod,
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness,
Pillars the skies of God.

Far up they break or seem to break their line,
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod

Under the light of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the calm of God.

. . . . . .

Only in clouds and dreams I felt those souls
In the abyss, each fire hid in its clod;
From which in clouds and dreams the spirit rolls
Into the vast of God.

A. E.

WIND-LITANY

In this world I shall not find
Any comforter like Wind,
Any friend to so endure,
Any love so strong, so sure.
I was born when Wind with Star
Linked its magic, and from far
Whispered out my destiny —
And the Winds have brothered me.

Strong young hill-winds roistering
Up the steep with me and Spring,
Wild wet thrilling ocean-gales
Flinging out my swelling sails,
Or the little dawning-airs
Rising pure as baby-prayers —
These have loved me since my birth
On the wind-swept swinging earth.

Rose-perfumed night-air that slips
Like a kiss across my lips,
Smoke-tanged wood-breath — they can sweep
All old childhood from its sleep
Underneath thick-fallen days
Heaped and dun across my ways;
For until the end shall be,
Scent o' wind is Memory.

I remember when befell
Heartbreak fierce, intolerable,
And no voice or touch but bound
Deeper torment on the wound:
Yet a little wind could rise
Stroking cheek and tear-wet eyes,
Breathing, "Hush! All pain shall pass!
Still are winds, and skies, and grass!"

God, when all of earth shall lie
Stripped and new beneath Thine eye,
And Thy gold stars fall unstrung,
And Thy curtain-sky down-flung,
And Thy seas are lifted up
Whole from out their empty cup,
Grant me still, in Heaven's place
Sweet swift winds across my face!

MARGARET WIDDEMER

SONG FROM GITANJALI

This is my prayer to thee, my lord — strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to thy will with love.

Rabindranath Tagore

SONG

Love's on the highroad,
Love's in the byroad —
  Love's on the meadow, and
    Love's in the mart!
And down every byway
Where I've taken my way
  I've met Love a-smiling — for
    Love's in my heart.

Dana Burnet

VALUES

O Love, could I but take the hours
That once I spent with thee,
And coin them all in minted gold,
What should I purchase that would hold
Their worth in joy to me?
Ah Love — another hour with thee!

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

THE WORD

My friend, my bonny friend, when we are old,
And hand in hand go tottering down the hill,
May we be rich in love's refinèd gold,
May love's gold coin be current with us still.

May love be sweeter for the vanished days,
And your most perfect beauty still as dear
As when your troubled singer stood at gaze
In the dear March of a most sacred year.

May what we are be all we might have been,
And that potential, perfect, O my friend,
And may there still be many sheafs to glean
In our love's acre, comrade, till the end.

And may we find, when ended is the page,
Death but a tavern on our pilgrimage.

John Masefield

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight —
The thought of thee — and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away, —
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

ALICE MEYNELL

GUIDANCE

UPON the corner of a village street,
Close to the limits of my homestead lands,
An unpretentious upright firmly stands,
In workmanship plain, commonplace and neat.

To make its purpose clear, its form complete,
Below its top, like fingerless still hands,
A lettered board, transversely placed, commands
To the right path the stranger's doubting feet.

And when the vision widens, and the stars
Majestically move across the night,
And God seems near in their eternal glow, —
When no harsh voice the sacred silence mars,
I see, beyond the structure's slender height,
The shadow of a Cross upon the snow.

ALANSON TUCKER SCHUMANN

THE PILGRIM

IT is so long a way that I must go,
A pilgrim in a kingdom that is strange!
Only my Distant City do I know,
And all the rest is changelessness — and change.

The changeless way that all my fathers trod,
The way of Life, that is so old, so old!
And yet so changeful that each travelled rod
Discloses alterations manifold!

It is so strange a way that I must go,
I scarcely know how I might best prepare.
Only my Distant City do I know,
And all my heart is willed to conquer there!

O, brave to tread the way as yet untrod,
Undaunted by the dangers that I see,
This is the spirit I would show the God
Who showed my Distant City unto me!

CHARLES M. LUCE

GATES AND DOORS

A BALLAD OF CHRISTMAS EVE

THERE was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and St. Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred.
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to-night)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
And let your gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a Guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His Mother's lap,
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be to-morrow
The cradle of a King.

JOYCE KILMER

HYMN

O LI'L' lamb out in de col',
De Mastah call you to de fol',
O li'l' lamb!
He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,
O li'l' lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;
He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
O li'l' lamb!
He wandah eas', he wandah wes';
De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',
O li'l' lamb!

Oh, tell de Shepud whah you hide;
He want you walkin' by his side,
O li'l' lamb!
He know you weak, he know you so';
But come don' stay away no mo',
O li'l' lamb!

An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah
De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah —
Sweet li'l' lamb!
He answah f'om de brambles thick,
"O Shepud, I's a-comin' quick" —
O li'l' lamb!

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

MAGIC

WIND on before me, dim white road,
My feet are glad, they may not tire,
They lift me to a lilting dance,
And love is still my only load,
And all my heart 's a shivering lyre,
That doth my way with song entrance.
I love the little poplar trees
That stand so still and very clear
Against the level evening sky!
I love the faintly fragrant breeze

That lifts my hair, and very dear
The sleepy sparrow's chirping cry!
I love the softly sweeping mist
That whispers up the grassy slope
And folds me in a cool embrace!
And O my soul is beauty kissed!
And O my lips are gay with hope!
And O I lift my happy face
Towards the star that silent gleams,
Low hung in luminous deep blue!
And darkness dear is creeping up,
And all the west is full of dreams,
And every deepest dream is true,
And brimming over is my cup!

IRENE RUTHERFORD MCLEOD

THE ROAD

BECAUSE our lives are cowardly and sly,
Because we do not dare to take or give,
Because we scowl and pass each other by,
We do not live; we do not dare to live.

We dive, each man, into his secret house,
And bolt the door, and listen in affright,
Each timid man beside a timid spouse,
With timid children huddled out of sight.

Kissing in secret, fighting secretly!
We crawl and hide like vermin in a hole,
Under the bravery of sun and sky
We flash our meannesses of face and soul.

Let us go out and walk upon the road,
And quit for ever more the brick-built den,
The lock and key, the hidden, shy abode
That separates us from our fellow-men.

And by contagion of the sun we may
Catch at a spark from that primeval fire,
And learn that we are better than our clay,
And equal to the peaks of our desire.

JAMES STEPHENS

VICTORY IN DEFEAT

DEFEAT may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind,
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

EDWIN MARKHAM

TO A POET

He who leaves a glimmer of his soul
In a bit of marble, in a song,
He shall win the unseen aureole
Set above the stars the ages long,
And the fleeting import of his days
Echoes of eternity shall praise.

We of earth your mastery would hail,
Iron hand that shook the gates of art,
Crumpled rock to ridge's flowering trail,
Yours, O feet that, following no chart,
Found a future, or in spaces free
Walked the winding floor of some old sea.

Poet of life's ordinances deep, —
Cities lying restless in the night,
Tossed and racked before they fall asleep, —
Meadow-streams in peace of pale moonlight,
We, the tossing city, we, the stream,
Share your noble heritage of dream.

Agnes Lee

A BELL

Had I the power
To cast a bell that should, from some grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Out-ring,
And fling
A jubilant message wide,
The forgèd metals should be thus allied; —
No iron Pride,
But soft Humility and rich-veined Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope,
And there should be
White Charity,
And silvery Love, that knows not Doubt nor Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then, to firmly fix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy!

Clinton Scollard

STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND

Stretch out your hand and take the world's wide gift
Of Joy and Beauty. Open wide your soul
Down to its utmost depths, and bare the whole
To Earth's prophetic dower of clouds that lift
Their clinging shadows from the sunlight's rift, —

The sapphire symphony of seas that roll
Full-breasted auguries from deep to shoal,
Borne from dim caverns on the salt spray's drift.
Open the windows of your wondering heart
To God's supreme Creation; make it yours,
And give to other hearts your ample store;
For when the whole of you is but a part
Of joyous beauty such as e'er endures,
Only by giving can you gain the more!

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

A NARROW WINDOW

A NARROW window may let in the light,
A tiny star dispel the gloom of night,
A little deed a mighty wrong set right.

A rose, abloom, may make a desert fair,
A single cloud may darken all the air,
A spark may kindle ruin and despair.

A smile, and there may be an end to strife;
A look of love, and Hate may sheathe the knife;
A word — ah, it may be a word of life!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES

GRANDEUR

Poor Mary Byrne is dead,
An' all the world may see
Where she lies upon her bed
Just as fine as quality.

She lies there still and white,
With candles either hand
That'll guard her through the night:
Sure she never was so grand.

She holds her rosary,
Her hands clasped on her breast.
Just as dacint as can be
In the habit she's been dressed.

In life her hands were red
With every sort of toil,
But they 're white now she's dead,
An' they 've sorra mark of soil.

The neighbors come and go,
They kneel to say a prayer.
I wish herself could know
Of the way she's lyin' there.

It was work from morn till night,
And hard she earned her bread:
But I'm thinking she's a right
To be aisy now she's dead.

When other girls were gay,
At wedding or at fair,
She'd be toiling all the day,
Not a minyit could she spare.

An' no one missed her face,
Or sought her in a crowd,
But to-day they throng the place
Just to see her in her shroud.

The creature in her life
Drew trouble with each breath;
She was just "poor Jim Byrne's wife" —
But she's lovely in her death.

I wish the dead could see
The splendor of a wake,
For it's proud herself would be
Of the keening that they make.

Och! little Mary Byrne,
You welcome every guest,
Is it now you take your turn
To be merry with the rest?

I'm thinking you'd be glad,
Though the angels make your bed,
Could you see the care we've had
To respect you — now you're dead.

W. M. Letts

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran, —
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by —
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan —
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by —
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish — so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

SAM WALTER FOSS

WAITING

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS

TEMPLE GARLANDS

THERE is a temple in my heart
Where moth or rust can never come,
A temple swept and set apart
To make my soul a home.

And round about the doors of it
Hang garlands that for ever last,
That gathered once are always sweet;
The roses of the Past!

A. MARY F. ROBINSON

STANZAS FROM THE TWELFTH NIGHT STAR

ANOTHER year slips to the void,
And still with omen bright
Above the sleeping doubting world
The day-star is alight, —
The waking signal flashed of old
In the blue Syrian night.

But who are now as wise as they
Whose faith could read the sign
Of the three gifts that shall suffice
To honor the divine,
And show the trend of common life
Ineffably benign?

Whoever wakens on a day
Happy to know and be,
To enjoy the air, to love his kind,
To labor, to be free, —
Already his enraptured soul
Lives in eternity.

For him with every rising sun
The year begins anew;
The fertile earth receives her lord,
And prophecy comes true,
Wondrously as a fall of snow,
Dear as a drench of dew.

BLISS CARMAN

THE VISION OF PEACE

O, BEAUTIFUL Vision of Peace,
Beam bright in the eyes of Man!
The host of the meek shall increase,
The Prophets are leading the van.

Have courage: we see the Morn!
  Never fear, tho' the Now be dark!
Out of Night the Day is born;
  The Fire shall live from the spark.
It may take a thousand years
  Ere the Era of Peace hold sway,
Look back and the Progress cheers
  And a thousand years are a day!
The World grows — yet not by chance;
  It follows some marvellous plan;
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,
  God rules the training of Man.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

THE POETRY OF EARTH

"The poetry of earth is never dead." *Keats.*

There is always room for beauty: memory
A myriad lovely blossoms may enclose,
But, whatsoe'er hath been, there still must be
Room for another rose.

Though skylark, throstle, whitethroat, whip-poor-will,
And nightingale earth's echoing chantries throng,
When comes another singer, there will be
Room for another song.

Florence Earle Coates

The End

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